


# HERALD

November 2002  
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The pumpkin  
was this close  
to stripping.

## It's All At Your Doorstep

**CINSSU's head honco, Sean Rogers, explains why his group has good taste in film and why they're sharing it for free.**

No matter how many good eats you can find in Toronto, no matter how many bookstores will stock whatever you're looking for, no matter how many cheap albums you can find at no matter how many CD stores, if you feel like seeing good movies in this town you're pretty much out of luck. Sure, you can find most things you'd like to see on video or DVD, but watching movies on your TV sucks. Which leaves you, the would-be avid moviegoer, with very few options - other than CINSSU's Free Friday Films.

For one, you can frequent those glorified carnivals (that also happen to show movies) known as multiplexes, and drop twenty bucks on treating yourself to one of the eight or nine movies per year that aren't actually a waste of your time. But even then, if you go to, say, the Cumberland, you've got to put up with the Bloor trains rumbling underneath the theatre every seven minutes. And if you go to, say, the Paramount, you've got to put up with the Paramount.

Here's option two: you could head to the repertory cinemas every once in a while, when they somehow screw up and actually show something worth seeing, rather than yet another second run screening of *My Big Fat Greek Wedding*. But, leaving aside the

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## Some Unconsidered Factors

**The Principal dissects the Globe and Mail's recent university rankings.**

by Frank Cunningham

Walking around campus past the many "Great Minds" banners, reading the glowing self-praise of University press releases or glossy newsletters, it is hard to believe that the U. of T. ranks 24<sup>th</sup> out of 29 among Canadian Universities. Yet, according to an e-mail poll of undergraduate students commissioned by the Globe and Mail and published as a "University Report Card" in its October 23 issue, this is where we stand - far below Queen's and UWO, which rank first and second, below Mac and Brock (5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup>), and below Alberta (12<sup>th</sup>), Lethbridge (17<sup>th</sup>), and Carleton (20<sup>th</sup>). At least we come out

ahead of Ryerson, Windsor, and last place York, but not by much. (The poll is available at [www.universityreportcard.com](http://www.universityreportcard.com).)

To my mind the poll should constitute a wake up call about the quality of the undergraduate experience at the U. of T., and I therefore do not wish my spin on the Report Card to be regarded as an attempt to dismiss it. The spin is that the overall ranking is of little practical significance by comparison with rankings in the nine different categories (course variety, financial aid, etc.) on which it is based.

Before pursuing this topic, a mystery

about the numbers should be noted. A natural assumption is that the rankings in each category are summed for each university and the university with the lowest sum is ranked first overall, that with the second lowest number, second, and so on. However, if you do this simple arithmetic, you get a different overall ranking than the one published. The Report's web page explains this disparity by noting that the overall ranking takes account of "weighted" "sub-variable" scores. Still I find it odd that on the simple arithmetic, the overall rankings are very

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## feature November

"So, I undertake this journey through the Jewish reaction to the Israel dilemma with a dual purpose: to inform, and at the same time to better understand the moral dilemma in which I find myself. By examining the arguments used by both groups, I hope to gain a better understanding of the situation."

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## (Our very first) Letter to the Editor

### Paul Monticone comments on last month's feature.

Last month's feature (The Correlation of Punk & Politics) presented a politically and intellectually contextualized history of punk that is problematic in several ways.

First is the curious absence of an entire continent without which the birth and continued life of punk would be inconceivable. Malcolm McLaren's safety pin fashions were lifted from Television's Richard Hell. The Sex Pistol's noise was more influenced by MC5, The Stooges, and The New York Dolls than it was by, as the author seems to claim, Lennon/McCartney's notions of sonic revolution. That McLaren was a cultural vampire, trolling around New York collecting materials for his art project, is no secret, yet it goes unacknowledged in the feature.

Stranger still - and more troubling - is the peculiar suggestion that punk music is the be-all and end-all of musical movements addressing social and political issues. Implicitly present in this is the punk community's conceit that everything not-punk is a meaningless sham. The political connections the author draws may be correct and well researched, but the conclusions are representative of the worst of punk's self-mythologizing.

Disco—the Bee Gees' disco, anyway—is used as the whipping boy for this article, but judging the political currency of movement on its later, blatantly commercial specimens is like dismissing punk on the weakness of Blink-182. The fact is disco began as a form of resistance to the dominant culture for disenfranchised minorities—inner-city black and gay youth. The course disco ran since then is the very same course that punk ran, the very same course that every youth rebellion movement runs.

Therefore the writer was correct to observe Sex-Pistols' punk was swallowed

up by the rock hegemony it rebelled against, but punk, as a relevant movement, must've actually died when it betrayed itself: The formation of punk as a code - "the sense of liberation and personal freedom giving way to tribal tyranny" - was alien to the nihilistic, anti-everything ethos of punk.

So the real punks evolved moved on. New sounds and movements carry new sensitivities to the state of things before being swallowed by the mainstream culture—and then the cultural guerrillas move elsewhere. Since 1980, the real punks have been everywhere from British post-punk to California hardcore, ska to electronica, hip-hop to karaoke.

All of this is to say the political and social dimensions that the movement enjoyed during the late seventies didn't simply slip into the shadowy, uncharted "underground" until Nirvana came along—6,000 miles and fifteen years away from the author's posited ground zero. Nirvana may've indeed been "punk," in some sense of the word, but the band was also the product of several musical movements that came before it, influenced as much by the Sex-Pistols as by Leonard Cohen, the Pixies, The Replacements, or David Bowie.

Ms. Ormut-Flieshman's feature is a well thought-out look at early British punk's relationship to the local politics, but her conclusions about the entire movement overreach the practical scope of the study. The unfortunate consequence is that misunderstandings of punk as both a subcultural and a musical movement will be perpetuated. The relevant similarities punk shares with other youth movements are ignored in favour of a re-enactment of a creation myth of which most punks are already aware.

### A Message From the Treasurer:

Hello, this is your beloved treasurer Christina. To avoid confusion and tears, I have come up with a set of very easy how-to instructions for getting your money back if it was spent on the newspaper.

1. Fill out the REIMBURSEMENT FORM. They can be found in the Innis Herald office. Don't forget to fill out your contact information. This is a faster way than me chasing either Steph or Corey for your contact information and even they don't know everybody.
2. Attach the RECEIPT. Many people miss this point and there will be delays in getting your money reimbursed if there is no receipt with the reimbursement form.
3. Make sure that either Corey or Steph or an appropriate section editor approves your expenditure. Any items that are NOT related to Innis Herald will not be reimbursed.
4. Either leave it with Steph, Corey or in the safe and secure Innis Herald mailbox, or you can personally give them to me either by appointment or dropping by during my office hour. I'll be holding my office hour Tuesdays at 1:00 p.m. and I'll be around maybe even a bit longer, so you have plenty of chances to get your money reimbursed.
5. Reimbursement will now be made either by cash or cheque. Any amount that's under \$20 will no longer be reimbursed with cheques.
6. If you need to pick up your cheque/cash, please don't forget that I'll be holding my office hour on Tuesdays. Especially if reimbursement is being made out by cash.

I think that's all I have to say about this, and if you have any questions or concerns either contact me, Corey or Steph and we'll be more than happy to answer your queries. No questions about rubik's cubes allowed.

## Missed Connections

### Good times, good times.

CINSSU techie Brian Nugent shares with us the dangers of having your name as your email address. What follows is an actual correspondence between our CINSSU friend and a random British guy named Nicholas, set out in a convenient and easy-to-read format. See, the guy wanted to talk to *Bryan* Nugent but instead he contacted *Brian*, get it??? The Herald thus advises you to heed the misfortune of others and be sure to create one of those long and incredibly difficult email addresses that you know we all love.

### Letter One:

Are you Brian Nugent? Is this the right email address?

### Response:

"Is this right?"

Lots of ways to answer this question, aren't there?  
I am Brian Nugent though, if that helps.  
Who are you?  
b.

### Letter Two:

Hi Brian,  
It's me, Nicholas - assuming of course that you are the RIGHT Brian: designer, teacher, former partner of my sister???  
You were going to phone me at Mother's Sunday before last: did you? No problem, but it would be nice to talk and, as I think I may have said, I've got a few ideas on the design front that I want to run past you. We are currently back in Kampala, but I may have to be back in UK in a few weeks, so it would be great to get together if possible. In the meantime, just confirm I AM talking to the right person!!!  
nicholas



### Editors' Note:

When scouting the attendees at the Buffalo Warped Tour, I came across this unfortunate fellow and decided to make him famous. As the late 13<sup>th</sup> century Chinese poet, Guan Han-ying, once opined in his famous Yuan vemacular poem, *A Spray of Flowers*:

I'm the best known lover anywhere,  
I'm center stage,  
I'm smooth,  
sharp, too!  
I'm commander in chief,  
of the brocade legions  
and garrisons of flowers.  
And I've played every district and province.



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## ICSS: Something for Everyone

**ICSS Treasurer Amy Yu wants to get you involved, underage or not.**

Lo and behold, November has arrived. Scary? Yes indeed. But there has been some fun points of late: midterms are now officially over, the odd pub night and, well, frosh week.

Yes, frosh week. The careless time about two months ago shortly after which lectures seemed a minor disturbance in our schedules and the word "tutorial" generated a mere chuckle. A quick comparison now finds obligatory lectures have become quality napping time, and the sight of Roberts Library and those "tutorials" now make us cry. Go figure.

On October 24<sup>th</sup>, however, the ICSS helped wipe those tears away with a "Study Break" in the Innis College Café, as part of an attempt to brighten the gloomy weeks of mid terms. The turn-out was phenomenal: donuts and muffins complementary of the ICSS were being scarfed, cups of joe were sloshed down and it was an overall great time with Innis students finally having a chance to just chat or chill. Look for more such "Study Breaks" this December during you-know-what-period.

Halloween has spun around and, by the time this article is published, the joint Innis Residence Council (IRC) and ICSS Halloween Pub Night will for sure have been a costume-happy success. Pub nights, in the Innis College tradition, have been monthly party nights where Innisites have had a chance to regroup and get down and dirty to great music, great (cheap) drinks, and great people. I for one, as a frosh, lived for Innis Pub Nights because it gave me a chance to see my fellow textbook hugging friends in a more relaxed and non-school state.

Fast forwarding to my second year, I'm already noticing a change in what Innis students like to do for fun. After all, not everyone is a clubbing-crazy kid like me...speaking of which, look forward to a groovin' ICSS Club Crawl this November! Innis College is a known "political, social, and academic" College. In English: the ICSS wants to host events that are not only social (read: Pub Nights). ICSS Study Break was an alcohol-free, fun and easy event. And with the double cohort delivering younger and younger froshies, the next point becomes even more important.

## It's All At Your Doorstep

...continued from the front page.

good films they play almost obsessively – the *Chinatown*s and the *Vertigos* and the Kubricks and so on – how often do the reps around here get really adventurous? Now, we moviegoers shouldn't realistically expect them to program very old or very foreign films, because they're often harder to find, more expensive, and, to tell the sad truth, wouldn't make that much money. But, come on, when was the last time the reps projected even recent, relatively accessible English-language features like Gus van Sant's *My Own Private Idaho* or Jim Jarmusch's *Dead Man* or even Wes Anderson's *Rushmore* (all of which have been screened by CINSSU)? When was the last time the rep theatres programmed something that even approached the same level of awesomeness attained this summer by Montréal's Cinéma du Parc, when they featured a month-long retrospective of John Cassavetes's films? The answer, of course, is never.

Finally, you could try and catch some films at more specialised venues like the Toronto International Film Festival, the Cinematheque, or any of a variety of other, smaller profile events. These are kind of the havens for Toronto's film folk, despite the Fest's long lines and the 'theque's seeming reluctance to screen good American films, old or new. But what happens when you really want to see that one-time only screening of the latest Claire Denis movie? Or what can you do when those snooty bastards program a Welles retrospective during crunch time in April? Then, once again, brothers and sisters, you are shit out of the proverbial luck.

Us snooty bastards in CINSSU are trying to rectify some of these problems with our Free Friday Film series. We're attempting to do the job that the reps do not, but we're doing so without the deep pockets of the Film Festival Group. So, for instance, on our schedule you'll find things like last year's series of Iranian films – all readily available for rental to the reps, but really only ever shown at Cinematheque. All four of our screenings last year were more than packed. People sat on the floor. The floor is not comfortable. So why aren't these films being shown more often in Toronto? You might ask the same of CINSSU's Taiwanese film series, continuing throughout November: why can you see *The Sum of All Fears* whenever and wherever you want, and not

Let's not let the school thing take over. If you're not particularly down with the partying scene, let us know! E-mail us at [icssweb@hotmail.com](mailto:icssweb@hotmail.com) and let us know about the kind of events you want to see. It can range from bowling and ice skating to bubble tea trips (props to that!), the bottom line is... we need ideas of what you guys want. And in the meantime, don't forget about the awesome intramural sports and committees (such as Formal Committee) under the ICSS that everyone is more than welcome to join.

Innis College has a wealth of awesome people. Getting involved, for me at least, has been the perfect remedy to the vertigo induced by the second balcony of Con Hall. So give us a shout, and in the meantime: pass the taro bubble tea, please.

Yi Yi (Nov. 8) or *The River* (Nov. 15) or *The Wedding Banquet* (Nov. 22)? CINSSU knows the audience exists: you come to Free Friday Films.

CINSSU's Free Friday Films run (almost) every Friday during the academic year. The last screening of this year will be *Meet Me in St. Louis* on December 6; January starts off with *Atanarjuat: The Fast Runner*. Visit our website at <http://www.utoronto.ca/cifff/>

For upcoming free Friday films, see the film section.

## Unconsidered Factors

...continued from the front page.

close to the published rankings for every university, with the exception of the U. of T., which advances from 24<sup>th</sup> place to 11<sup>th</sup>.

Putting this mystery aside, let's look at the category, "off-campus environment," where the U. of T. stands 15<sup>th</sup>, well below UWO, Waterloo, Guelph, and Carleton. If this category is removed from the calculation, the U. of T. finds itself in 9<sup>th</sup> place. A clue to understanding this ranking may be found by comparing the ranks of McGill (11<sup>th</sup>) and the University of Quebec at Montreal (16<sup>th</sup>). In the off-campus environment category McGill ranks first and UQUAM, 27<sup>th</sup> – an initially puzzling result since the two universities are within walking distance of each other.

The puzzle is solved, I speculate, by considering that unlike McGill the large majority of UQUAM students are from Montreal, and most live at home. Hence, when they think of the off-campus environment they think of the rec rooms or kitchens in their parents' houses and not rue St. Denis, le musée des beaux arts, or les boîtes du nuit. This hypothesis helps to explain our low ranking in this category, given the large proportion of U. of T. students from the greater Toronto area and living with their parents.

It also suggests a way that U. of T. students can, so to speak, advance the University's ranking, namely by finding ways to take advantage of what the city of Toronto has to offer – High Park and the Beaches, the museums and theatres, the ethnically varied (and in the main inexpensive) restaurants, the opportunities for social or political engagement, and so on. There are lots of places to go and things to do beyond frequenting Lee's Palace, Albert's, and the boring pubs and restaurants on Bloor between St. George and Avenue Rd.

I recognize that for the many who must juggle studying, commuting, and working a job, this is easier said than done. For them to take advantage of the off-campus environment, more of the right kind of financial support is required. But this is a topic for a future column.

(Note: The Principal (me) can be cornered at his table, any Tuesday, 3:00 – 4:00 in the café, – coffee and cookies are on him.)

**Right: Principal Cunningham then (1977)...and now.**

## Community

### ENSU Announces ActiveYouth

**It's the event of a lifetime because it's all about other people's life-**

ENSU would like to announce ActiveYouth, "a celebration of youth activism at the University of Toronto". Quoth the ENSU: ActiveYouth is a speaker's event, featuring multiple youth speakers talking about youth activism; each telling their own story through their life experiences with struggles that they have encountered. They each speak from a different perspective: for example, the speakers we currently have address activism from an environmental, educational, and gay/lesbian perspective, respectively. As well as having noted speakers from various backgrounds, we also will have a discussion panel consisting of various prominent academics and professionals who work and research in the areas we address. These individuals will be able to provide knowledgeable viewpoints which are the product of years of work in these areas. They are David Knight, Marc Hall, Jean-Dominic Levesque-Rene, Scott Graham and the panel is being chaired by Dr. George J. Sefa Dei of the University of Toronto.

ActiveYouth 02/03 will take place on Friday 31 January 2003 at Convocation Hall on the St. George Campus of the University of Toronto. As the event is concerned with youth activism, it is fitting that it will be held during EXPRESSION AGAINST OPPRESSION WEEK, sponsored by the Students' Administrative Council (January 27-31, 2003). We'll be there. Will you?





## Opinion

## Hope Through Struggle

**AGITATE!** founder Dan Maloy outlines why power can indeed be found in collective action and why positive social change can be a reality.

As Canada's mainstream labour movement accustoms itself to bureaucracy and relative submission, the welfare state gained through mass working-class mobilization is being dismantled piece by piece. The custodians of accepted history have been meticulous in distorting the legacy of workers' struggle in Canada, in simultaneously taking weekends and employment benefits for granted and erasing the struggles that produced them from people's minds. However, the institutionalized logic of capitalism remains profit and the maintenance of conditions that allow for profit; the logic of states is still to consolidate their base of power. And nowhere does the well-being of those pushed to the margins of this system factor in. Unless, that is, people force it in.

It is from this perspective that the struggle of Toronto's poor through the Ontario Coalition Against Poverty (OCAP) can be best understood. OCAP membership includes working people, homeless people, indigenous-Canadians and assorted radicals. These people recognize that power doesn't respond to argument, but to demand.

"The only good politician," remarked one OCAP activist, "is one with a look of fear in their eyes." In a political climate of token democracy and token rebellion, we would all do to heed this logic. The Canadian government helped to arm the Indonesian forces that carried out one of the late 20th century's worst genocides, that of the East Timorese. They support the U.S.-led sanctions on and bombing of Iraq, the murderous government of Colombia, and any other war criminals who happen to pave the way for their power and profit. Canadian corporations profit eagerly from the destruction of communities living on profitable resources, and also through labour that is kept cheap by the repression of military coups and death squad governments. As non-citizens build homes for themselves in Canada, cops send to jail and deport families for being "illegal"; as homeless people die on the streets, cops expel those who take shelter in empty buildings. How does one argue with someone who thinks that the rights of a landlord to own a building, to keep it empty for purposes of property speculation, override those of people who need shelter to survive? How does one confront an institution built on profit and power with an argument for altruism?

One provides them with an incentive, not for altruism, but for capitulation. Not by threatening to withdraw our vote, pretending that will pit them against those who finance their campaigns. Not by telling them about the human cost of their policies, or by pushing the illusion that social responsibility means profit (let's face it, a profit margin may well leap when a union gets busted). Power doesn't concede to the moral force of our arguments, but to the social cost of our disobedience. When the social cost of a

movement's actions — in disturbing business as usual, or better yet in threatening the very base of wealth and privilege — becomes more significant than the benefit that comes from maintaining the targeted policy, all of the sudden elites start talking about concessions.

OCAP recognizes the political context in which it operates, and fights winnable fights. People dying on the streets as buildings lie vacant? Convert an abandoned building into social housing and ensure that a potential eviction will encounter widespread opposition, that it will jeopardize rather than preserve the base of established power. Occupy an immigration office, make the deportation of an immigrant family too troublesome to follow through with.

They are the sort of actions that don't legitimize existing structures, but rather affirm the viability of radical opposition to them. And OCAP gets things done. This group is thus an ideal battering-ram against the principal barrier erected to curb mass movement-building: the idea that fighting back is pointless.

While OCAP plays an inspirational role, its traditional constituency can't topple governments, let alone alter structures. However, as the national coordination of like-minded organizations increases, and as efforts to broaden networks of genuine union and student activists continue, things are far from hopeless. Perhaps we need not inhabit an island of submission, as millions upon millions struggle across the world. Perhaps we can set a spark and light Canada's political landscape ablaze.

Dan Maloy is a co-founder of AGITATE!, a local organization dedicated to furthering the politics of struggle by organizing around U of T. He can be contacted at dan.maloy@utoronto.ca.

## Breaking the Rule of Law

**Political opinions writer Stephen Hutchison suggests the United States start practicing what they**

In his book *Exodus*, Leon Uris announced that "International law is that which the evil ignore and the righteous refuse to enforce." International law has become a key issue as of late, with U.S. President George W. Bush calling upon the United Nations to enforce its own laws with regards to Iraq and "prove its credibility." The evil dictator Saddam Hussein, we are told, is flouting international law and thumbing his nose at the entire world. However, a brief examination of recent history reveals that few nations have as much brazen disregard for international rule of law as the United States.

On the issue of Iraq in particular, the United States has very little moral high ground upon which to stand. Until the

## Anti-American Sentiments?

**Jenn Scott posits that those in the anti-Saddam camp stop fuelling his arms race.**

So, who do you think is the bigger threat? George "Dubya" Bush or Saddam Hussein. The answer's easy, right? Maybe not.

Nelson Mandela has said it is the U.S. and not Saddam Hussein who's the "threat to world peace." Many world leaders and influential figures lament the fact that the Soviet Union is no longer around to act as a check on American "bullying." In Germany, Gerhard Schroeder's campaign for Chancellor articulated the perceived global threat of George Bush. Who won the election? He did. Many European Nations want to build up the EU because it's "one of the few institutions we can develop as a balance to U.S. world domination." Included among these nations is Sweden. Sweden? But they were so scrupulously relaxed about Nazi and Soviet world domination. I guess sometimes there are threats so monstrous that even in Stockholm you have to get off the fence.

And let's suppose for a moment that these politicians are right: that America is a bully and a menace. The question then arises: what is the world going to do about it? The worst of the solutions offered has been for various countries, such as South Africa, to sell materials for the construction of nuclear weapons to Saddam. Correct me if I'm wrong, but is this not just adding fuel to the fire? Like giving scissors to a child, efforts such as this are dangerous, and if they continue the world will be that much closer to the day when the entire Middle East, Africa, and even perhaps Europe will be under the nuclear umbrella of Saddam and safe from the "Cowboy's" aggression.

Now, don't get me wrong, I don't have the answers to the problems besetting the globe right now, but I find it curious that those so quick to knock George Bush don't either. If many nations around the world honestly believe that the Americans are long-range, high-tech, sissy-boy warmongers, why not do something constructive about it, say, not fuelling an arms race?

Gulf War, the United States was a stalwart supporter of Saddam Hussein, despite his crimes. In 1986 and 1987, the UN issued reports condemning Iraq's use of chemical and biological weapons against its Kurdish minority. Yet, according to America's own Senate Banking Committee in 1994, America continued to supply weaponry to Iraq until at least 1989. The massacres reached their peak in 1988 in the city of Halabja, where as many as 5 000 people are believed to have been killed by an Iraqi chemical weapons attack. The U.S. State Department responded to reports about the Halabja massacre by issuing denials claiming that the incident never occurred. The United States now cites Halabja as a key piece of evidence against Saddam Hussein. Given American support of Iraq during Hussein's worst atrocities, one cannot help but find George Bush's call for the UN to "prove itself credible" to be cynical indeed.

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**President Bush wants to maintain a relationship with Ukraine despite the suspicion it sold weapons to Iraq.**

Instead, the only constructive solution they can offer is the plan to diminish U.S. hegemony by putting all their eggs in the UN basket (—case). But here is the fundamental problem with their alternative: structurally, the UN is a thing of the past. It was created to prevent action rather than enable it and, thereby, formalized the stalemate of the east and west. But in case the rest of the world has been sleeping for the last twenty or so years we no longer have a bipolar world, and so the vetoes only work one way — to restrain the sole surviving superpower (i.e. the yanks). It's fitting, though, as the anti-Yanks' fetishization of the UN's Cold War structures is consistent with their general retro approach to the current political scene: as with trench warfare, the more obsolescent the concept, the more eagerly they embrace it.

Indeed, the left has finally signed on to the concept that during the Cold War repulsed them so greatly: deterrence. The notion of "Mutually Assured Destruction" as protection was morally contemptible, leaving the children of the future to live under the perpetual shadow of Armageddon. But hey — this is Saddam. He's a cool guy. The concept of deterrence will work just fine: even if he gets nuked (or has them already) he is not crazy enough to use them. This rationale is ridiculous. In reality, all deterrence means is allowing Saddam to turn the bulk of the Middle East into his version of Eastern Europe: a collection of subverted client states.

If you believe that Bush is the problem, not Saddam, then the above makes perfect sense. But I wonder if the rest of the anti-American set has thought it through. They may routinely — and in some senses validly — say "Bush frightens me," but such fears and misgivings do not give any nation carte blanche to complicate the situation further. Selling arms to the other side will not solve the situation, nor will clinging to archaic structures that have outlived their use.



## Massively Multiplayer Online Role Playing Garbage

**Jared Michael Bryer evidences a disturbing trend: replacing youth with video games.**

Have you ever thought to yourself, "If I pass this test, I'll finally level up?" Have you ever been walking down the street trying to guess what strength and dexterity levels the people walking around you have? Have you ever fantasized that when you put on clothes, you actually equip yourself with them? If you answered "yes" to any of the preceding questions, then you need serious help; you may be suffering from extended exposure to massively multiplayer online role-playing games.

In the short history of video games, massively multiplayer online role-playing games (MORPG) are relatively new. Early versions of these games, like "The Realm," tried to make up for cheesy graphics and lackluster presentation by allowing players access to an entire world of gaming possibilities, interacting with other players online. The game, moreover, was constructed without an end. The sole purpose for playing was to better your character and to feel powerful in the face of people who hadn't played as long as you. Inevitably there was someone better than you, simply because they had less of a life and had logged more gaming hours. All in all, the concept was weak. However, somehow someone saw the potential in this type of game and expanded on it.

This led to an entire wave of clones being released. There were games like "Ever Quest," "Ultima Online" and even the license of Sega's popular "Phantasy Star" was altered to become an MORPG. While these games may have great graphics, or interesting design, the fact remains that they are still life consuming endeavors. There is no real story being told, just pure escapism in its worst form. Rather than accomplishing something, or

even being provided with any sort of narrative, players are instead inspired to spend their days living a new life in a fake world. You may be given the option to wander around the globe killing monsters, but the truth of it all is that you're really just killing time.

The terrible thing is that this seems to be the new wave in video games. Everything must have some online aspect to hold any validity. Even console gaming, which was once free of internet involvement, has bent to this trend and begun development of MORPGs of their own. The problem is that to even play these games requires that you purchase a necessary (and cleverly marketed) add-on for your console and pay monthly fees. So now, not only are you wasting time, but flushing money down the drain as well.

Clearly I'm coming at these games from a strongly negative standpoint. However I must admit that they do hold a degree of innovation and short term playing appeal. Taken in moderation, I think these types of games are actually fun to play.

Unfortunately the entire "leveling up," concept of the game — whereby you attempt to improve your character's abilities — undermines the notion of moderation. In order to feel any sense of accomplishment you must keep playing for hours on end. This can have disgusting affects on people. I have friends who used to turn down going to a movie or playing street hockey, so that they could stare at a screen in the hopes of finally getting a new set of digital magic boots. The most extreme case of this was when my friend actually turned down going out with his girlfriend to play Ever Quest. He even invited her over to watch his purple skeleton character hunt wolves instead.

Fellow players would actually try to convince him to skip work just to keep playing with them. At some point people have to get a grip on reality and what's really important.

Seemingly, this trend in video games will continue for some time. Many more clones in this genre are being released in the near future, hoping to grab a spot in the competitive market by being part of a popular franchise. Examples of this are the soon to be released "Star Wars Galaxies," "Worlds of WarCraft", and "Final Fantasy 11." Undoubtedly these titles will all do well, and will increase the popularity of these types of games. But what's really disturbing is the amount of time people will spend playing them, and the extent to which they will consume these people's lives. In the end, can any innovation in technology really be worth wasting your youth?

**12 ways to tell that you've played too many online RPGs**

- You refer to your group of friends as your "party"
- You believe that the only way to get

life experience is by killing things

- You think that class refers to your status as a warrior, a wizard or a thief
- Your best pickup line involves telling a girl how high your character stats are... or any reference to your "sword"
- You are easily willing to turn down parties, friends and family for elves, dwarves and digital adventures
- You carry a money purse at your belt and believe that all currency should be in the form of gold coins
- You honestly believe that paying monthly fees to play a computer game is worth it
- You start calling your other friends who play the game by their screen names
- Professional adventurer is starting to look like a viable career option
- You honestly think of the people you meet in the game as your friends
- You tell stories about your in-game adventures to people at parties
- You've secretly created a female character in order to fulfill some strange hidden fantasy, or to make her the girlfriend of your character.

**"This is the first time in US or European history where there was protest before a war."**

**-Noam Chomsky, Sunday, November 10, Bloor Street United Church, Toronto**

**Be Like Noam:**

**National Day of Action Against War in Iraq  
Sunday, November 17, 2002 - Queen's Park, 1pm.**

## Breaking the Rule of Law

**...continued from page 4.**

An even more flagrant example of American disregard for international law occurred in 1986, regarding Nicaragua. Under the guise of "humanitarian aid," the U.S. supplied right-wing guerrilla groups ("contras") with weaponry and training, resulting in the perpetuation of a seemingly endless Nicaraguan civil war. The World Court of Justice ruled against the United States, ordering the American government to cease all military aid to the guerrillas and pay reparations to Nicaragua. The United States simply ignored the judgment, as American academia declared that the court had discredited itself. The UN Security Council then tried to pass a resolution calling upon all nations to respect the rule of law, which the United States promptly vetoed. The General Assembly tried to pass a similar resolution, only to have the United States veto that as well; only Israel and El Salvador voted alongside the United States. It is a sad irony that the country which now demands respect for international rule of law twice vetoed resolutions requesting that respect.

Perhaps the worst example of American abuse of power is that of East Timor.

Military assistance from the United States supported the 1965 coup of Indonesian dictator Suharto. American support for Suharto, despite atrocities that are now well known, continued until very recently. Between 1975 and 1979, Suharto launched a genocidal attack upon the small area of East Timor with not only American weaponry and training but also American political support. In his book *Rogue States*, Noam Chomsky presents the most damning evidence of American involvement in the East Timorese massacre by quoting a passage from the memoirs of then American ambassador to the UN, James Patrick Moynihan. In his memoirs, Moynihan actually boasts about his success in sabotaging a UN attempt to relieve the situation for East Timor.

Moynihan says:  
"The United States wished for things to turn out as they did, and worked to bring this about. The State Department desired that the United Nations proved utterly ineffective in whatever measures it undertook. This task was given to me, and I carried it forward with no inconsiderable success."

Chomsky sums up the motives for

American support of Indonesia succinctly by quoting the *New York Times*, "The United States must put its relationship with Indonesia, a mineral-rich nation of more than 200 million people, over the political fate of East Timor, a tiny impoverished territory of 800,000 people that is seeking independence." Simply put, Indonesia had economic and strategic importance while East Timor did not, and this made the United States a complicit partner in the tragedy. When the genocide was about to resume in 1998, the United States seemed ready to allow it to occur until a country with even greater wealth and strategic importance - Australia - intervened on behalf of the East Timorese. The United States suspended its military support of Indonesia, and that alone proved sufficient to avert another tragedy. Given that the withdrawal of military support averted the tragedy in 1998, it is difficult to see how the East Timorese massacre of the late '70s would have occurred without support of the United States.

The sad fact of the matter is that this article has barely even scratched the surface of patent disregard for the rule of



law by the United States. The United States has summarily dismissed repeated UN condemnation of the American trade embargo of Cuba. Turkey commits atrocities against its own Kurdish minority with weapons sold to them by the United States. Even members of the Canadian government have grown concerned about the effects of American unilateralism. In an article written for the *Globe and Mail*, former Foreign Affairs Minister and Nobel Peace Prize nominee Lloyd Axworthy expressed dismay over apparent American intentions to dominate world affairs and ignore international law. Given this litany of infringements and abuses, it may be wise for the United States to review its own international record before taking Iraq to task on its.



## The (Mis)Education of Bryce Archer

**A froshie takes stock.**

Tragically, I feel that the education I received throughout elementary and high school was deficient. Oh, to be sure, I learned many great skills. I can read. I can write. I can do math. I know a little about history, and a bit about literature. I am fairly comfortable delivering a monologue on any topic in front of groups of people. Indeed, I have been taught many useful things, and it's comforting to think that I did not totally waste thirteen years of my life. As I said, though, my education has been deficient, though there is actually only one thing that concerns me. I think about it every time I get into an argument and find I cannot quite find the words to properly get my point across. I think about it, and I decide that in the elementary and secondary school systems, there is not enough emphasis on debating.

I know very little about debating. I say that up front. I think there are rules and guidelines, and techniques designed to make your argument appear strong, but I am vastly ignorant of what exactly these techniques are. Indeed, my lack of knowledge is precisely the reason I am writing this article. The ability to debate – to take a point of view and argue for it – is of such use to every single person, that it boggles my mind why it is not more widely

taught. Being able to debate obviously helps anyone in any sort of political arena, whether the arena is a simple school council or the federal legislature. It is crucial in the courtroom. It helps any member of academia defend their ideas in academic circles. Knowing proper debating skills even helps everyday conversation, and can aid simple arguments over where to have lunch.

Also, I am virtually certain that knowledge of these skills has other benefits, outside of debates and arguments. One who learns to debate, learns how to clearly form ideas, arguments, and counter-arguments. One comes to see both sides of a discussion, and anticipate opposition to each side. If people had these abilities engrained into their mind, they would find that their public speaking abilities would go up, and their essay skills would improve. Their very thoughts would be broader, more encompassing. People would be less narrow-minded and more tolerant, as they would be able to see both sides of an issue. Indeed, I see many benefits that would come with learning these skills, and virtually no flaws.

Oratory has been an integral part of basic education in other cultures and in

other times, but in the Ontario of at least the past few decades, it scarcely exists at all. Yes, we do give speeches throughout primary and secondary education, and yes, we have all given presentations in front of a classroom. I do not condemn speeches, nor presentations, but I feel they are not enough. They are too one-sided, too much of one person venting his or her opinions, without anyone having much chance to argue properly for a different side. Some schools undoubtedly have debating clubs, which is commendable, but I know that not every school does – mine certainly did not – and, in any case, such clubs do not reach everyone, when everyone should be reached.

What is needed is an early grounding in the basic rules of proper debates, beginning in elementary school. Grade six might be a good grade to start, though even younger grades would do well to get this training. Debating should become part of the curriculum, with a portion of the week dedicated both to learning the theory of proper rhetoric, and to actually hold debates. A typical classroom would probably be broken up into groups based on skill level, so that debating teams are evenly matched. To get younger people

interested, they would naturally be given interesting topics, aimed at their age level and skill. An air of competition to the proceedings might also give incentive for the student to try hard, so debates could take places between teams, between classrooms, even between schools. There are countless methods the teachers could employ to encourage participation, and numerous ways that the debates could be made a fun part of the school day. In more advanced grades, more advanced methods of argument would be taught, and I envision the inclusion of debating classes in high school, whether mandatory or optional, straight to grade twelve.

If we made debating a compulsory part of education, I am certain that the payoff would be tremendous. Public and private speaking would improve. People would become better essay writers. After a few years, we would see a new generation of citizens emerge, a generation of people confident in their discourse, with broad views and great wit, an army of clear thinkers who know what to do with an opinion. Our lawyers and politicians would be of 'top notch' quality. Eloquence would reign supreme, and society, I think, would be the better for it.

## There's Something about Robarts

**With her notebook handy and her pencil sharp, Feon Chau learns way too much about Robarts Library.**

If you happen to meet someone who is not familiar with the St. George campus of U of T, you could nonetheless tell them to meet you at Robarts with the utmost confidence that they will be there on time. Why? The reason is pretty obvious – just look at it, there is no way to miss such an imposing structure!

Robarts, or, by its full name, The John P. Robarts Research Library, is quite an odd-looking structure. It is definitely one of the most striking architectural designs on campus. With its triangles and multi-leveled extensions, Robarts somewhat resembles a bird, a peacock, or even a mound of bricks depending on the angle from which you approach it. So why would the powers-that-be build a library in this peculiar shape? Aren't libraries supposed to look like community centers

with squares and rectangles? And who are these designers and architects that came up with the bird idea?

### HISTORY

The library traces its origins way back to 1849 when King's College became the University of Toronto. Many of the book

collections from King's College were transferred to the newly established Trinity College at the time. However, the library would relocate three more times between the years of 1852 to 1869. The job of relocating all the books was left to the hands of Reverend John W. Small and Reverend Alexander Lorimer. They

probably kept themselves very busy, wouldn't you agree?

In any case, the book collection of the University of Toronto grew steadily over the next 26 years under the careful guidance of John E. Thompson, a graduate of King's College and a German professor continued on page 15...

## The Language of Hate

**Steffi Daft can suggest better ways to spend your time and energy than by jumping aboard the anti-Birgeneau bandwagon.**

The recent offhand remarks made by our school president, Robert Birgeneau, have engulfed our leader in a storm of controversy that is disproportional to the magnitude of the offence committed. Birgeneau has been called a racist, a pig, and has been blasted in the public press to the great chagrin of the entire university community. The remarks in question were made during a recent meeting of the governing council in which the president mused that perhaps some white potential attendees may feel averse to studying at the UoT because of its high level of diversity. Some students, particularly those very close to the issue of race, either by folly or practice, have interpreted his words harshly. These pupils, including one Murphy Brown who seems to have popped up in every Toronto paper, interpret Birgeneau's thought spoken in the middle of a debate as meaning that he is against the wonderful diversity on campus; what they are missing, however, is the context of his remarks and plausibly the grain of truth that this very educated

and experienced public figure has stumbled upon. Some students do feel marginalized on campus. It's a fact. Furthermore, it is ignorant and naïve to think that we can ignore the problem and even more detrimental to the overall health of the student body to contend that it doesn't exist. Even our black SAC president said that he supports Birgeneau and does not fault him for the comments. In our politically charged society, where the need to conform to what is deemed "correct" is held in higher esteem than true public expression, it seems that we cannot 'fess up to our own weakness. Namely, that some people – including run-of-the-mill, visible majority white people – feel a bit strange in the same way that, say, a Jewish person might feel in Alabama or a Chinese person studying in Yellowknife.

It is also apparent that the furore arising over remarks made so innocently truly stems not from a preternatural awareness of race ethics, but rather from a feeling of impotence in other matters. We can say that we marched and stormed the campus on the

Day of Action, but what did that change? We say that we hate Sodexho and its unfair practices and poor worker wages, so why are they still the main food provider on campus? We can say to our friends not to join the Canadian Federation of Students because it costs more and they are laughed at in negotiations, but what kind of respect in important matters do we demand from the high tuition rates that we are already paying? What we cannot say, however, is that any of these targets are as easy to hit and bring down than one man, especially one man in a lordly position over us and our futures and so easily susceptible to targeting. Therefore, instead of focusing what has turned out to be a hearty and widespread attack on the president for his out of context remarks, we should turn instead to the real villains and put this recently awakened thirst for social justice to a good cause. You choose the cause but be sure not to mention anything about race if you mention it in public.





## Brotherhood of the Wolf

Great action, too much plot for Jared Bryer.

by Jared Michael Bryer

As is the case with most foreign films, *The Brotherhood of the Wolf* was never widely released in North America until its recent availability on DVD and VHS. For a film touted as the French version of *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*, mixed with *The Matrix* there is surprisingly little action. What action there is shows off excellent choreography, but the film's wandering plot and lack of focus detract from the whole, and make the movie seem like it was originally written to be a video game.

Technically speaking the film is wonderfully done. The cinematography and special effects are remarkable, especially considering that the film was not made by Hollywood. The music is fitting of the time period, and keeps the film nicely in that context. Subtitles can be problematic in films, making it difficult to capture an audience's attention. However, *Brotherhood of the Wolf* avoids this by being well translated, with interesting dialogue that aid the visuals, rather than taking away from them.

Set in eighteenth century France, *The Brotherhood of the Wolf* centres around a Naturalist named Fronsac and his Native American companion Mani, as they try to

uncover the cause behind a rash of violent deaths. Conflicts within the government threaten to end their investigation prematurely, while superstitious religious leaders, who see the killings as a warning from God attempt to hamper them as well. Although this seems like it would make for a really interesting story, appearances can be deceiving. The film spends far too much time building up the pseudo love triangle between Fronsac, the Countess' daughter, and an Italian prostitute causing most of the on-screen action to surround these characters, instead of the ones I'd prefer to see, namely those involved in the action scenes.

That said, there is one character in the movie who stands out from the tedium of the rest. Mani makes this movie worth watching for the initial sequences. Somehow, he learned kung-fu while traveling from the New World, and uses it to put a collection of random villains in their place. The shame of the whole thing is that we are only really given a taste of what Mani can do because his action scenes are few and far between.

By the time the movie really gets off the ground, things take a distinct turn for the weird. Not to spoil anything, there are



several very interesting plot twists, and a drastic increase in the quantity and quality of the action. Also, the violence level skyrockets to the point where it redeems the first four acts of the story. Even Fronsac turns from his love triangle to massacre hordes of barbarians and fight a giant armor plated wolf. The unfortunate thing is that it makes the movie seem like two separate stories, tempting you to simply fast-forward through the beginning just to get to the good part.

In the end, *Brotherhood of the Wolf* does hold many redeeming qualities that make it worth watching. I've seen quite a few bad movies before, and this is certainly not one of them. However, it isn't overly remarkable either. It tries to hard to have a meaningful plot, and ends up losing sight of the driving force behind the movie. If you enjoy action movies, and don't mind subtitles, *Brotherhood of the Wolf* is certainly worth renting.

## Not Too Sweet For You

Amy Yu reviews the surprisingly good *Brown Sugar*.

Up front, I will admit it: I love BET. For those of you unfamiliar with this realm of cable, it stands for Black Entertainment Television, through which my roommate Bex and I religiously indulge in our daily dose of R&B and hip-hop video bliss. With this statement in mind, I assure you that it is without any bias that I hail *Brown Sugar* as a terrific film that will, in its course, make you laugh and appreciate life and love at its BET best.

Taye Diggs is adorable as Dre, a music producer who has fallen trap to a less than quality hip-hop scene. His best friend, Sidney (Sanaa Lathan), is a high-end editor of the well-reputed "XXL" hip-hop magazine. Hip-hop brought Dre and Sidney together as the best of friends and has been a key part of their lives since childhood. Problem? Dre finds his "brown sugar" and proposes to his fiancée while

Sidney suddenly realizes secretly that she's in love with him. Think it sounds like *My Best Friend's Wedding*? I thought so too. But this movie weaves around the predictable storyline by including endearing scenes between the two best friends, the hysterical cameos of Queen Latifah and Mos Def, and a captivating chemistry between Diggs and Lathan that is hard to shake.

One word to describe this movie: charming. It lacks the syrupy sweetness of *You've Got Mail* but boasts the edginess of *Soul Food*. *Brown Sugar* celebrates the highs and lows of love and friendship to a degree that many other romantic comedies fail to even approach. Although it may be easy to dismiss *Brown Sugar* as a typical "black cast" film, this *Sugar* will nonetheless warm the hearts of all crowds, P. Diddy fans or not.



## The War on Celluloid

Kate Rusnak reviews *Bloody Sunday*.

As I perused the list of potential films to review this month, I was intrigued by a title that reminded me one of my favourite songs, "Sunday Bloody Sunday," by U2. Inspired by this, I set out to watch *Bloody Sunday* on a Saturday afternoon.

*Bloody Sunday* is written and directed by Paul Greengrass and covers the events of January 30, 1972, in Londonderry, Northern Ireland. It was on this day that thirteen Irish civilians were killed and fourteen others were injured. British troops stormed the civil rights march that was set in downtown Derry in an attempt to round up and arrest a few hundred "hooligans." *Bloody Sunday* follows three historical characters: Ivan Cooper (played by James Nesbitt), a civil rights leader and member of parliament, acting as the frame narrative who rallies for support of the peaceful civil rights march; the second is British officer Robert Ford (Tim Pigott-Smith) who commands the military into action later on in the film; the third storyline follows 17-year-old Gerard Donaghy (Declan Duddy) from his home and family to the barriers on the streets of Derry where he will be caught in the crossfire.

British director Paul Greengrass has worked in both television and film in the past, and his expertise shine through in *Bloody Sunday*. This film falls into the category of docu-drama, as it is both a reenactment conscious of historical fact, and intent on revealing the emotions behind the massacre. Like a documentary, *Bloody Sunday* produces moments that appear almost too real. Using tight shots with a hand held camera, the film seems to be in organized chaos. The audience is thrust straight into the gunfire, and are jostled



back and forth through sharp cuts from the military in armored trucks, to the civilians crouching behind fences.

What is most notable about this film, and the reason why you should go and see it, is that *Bloody Sunday* has the ability to place the spectator within the moment and remain truthful at the same time. It is still unknown as to who fired the first shot, and Greengrass portrays this uncertainty by filming elsewhere as the gunshot rings out. Of course, many variations of this account exist and this is simply one representation. *Bloody Sunday* is also an important film because it creates insight into the bitterness of the people and the formation of the IRA in Northern Ireland. An emotional film, *Bloody Sunday* sends out a rhetorical message that resounds, "We will not rest until justice is done."



## Le Fils and 10

Who needs Hollywood? CINSSU rep Sean Rogers reviews two recent foreign films.



**Le Fils** (Belgium/France, 2002, dirs. Jean-Pierre and Luc Dardenne)

A high school shop teacher (Olivier Gourmet, deserving prize winner at Cannes) seems to be

stalking his new student, but may very well have ample reason to, in the Dardennes' latest examination of the endlessly morose working-class of Belgium. A bit of mystery, followed by a bit of suspense, and accompanied by a bunch of close-quarters camerawork, all serves to plunge the viewer into the midst of the intrigue and messy emotions ably displayed by the main performers. Never

before has a scene of a kid building a toolbox or lugging a plank been so fraught with a sense of consequence and, perhaps, danger.

**10** (Iran/France, 2002, dir. Abbas Kiarostami)

A young and well off divorcee initiates a series of ten dialogues, all in the front seat of her car, recorded by only two camera angles, and very much engaged with the question of a woman's place in Iran. At last year's festival, Jean-Luc Godard's *Eloge de L'amour* revealed - shockingly - that digital video could be ravishing. Hence, the biggest, but single, disappointment in *10* is that its digital images are only infrequently so. Nonetheless, such lovely yet disarming sequences such as *10*'s nighttime

conversation with a prostitute - shot only with available light and focusing only on the driver - should put an end to any regrets about Kiarostami's recent renunciation of film stock. That is, if the moving and substantial performances attending the film's increased intimacy have not somehow already won the viewer over to the filmmaker's new views on digital. Who knew the dashboard of a car could be such a fit vantage point on Iranian society?



## Spirited Away

Jennifer Scott calls it a review through the imagination.

*Spirited Away*, the highest-grossing film in Japanese history, animated or otherwise, is quite simply a masterpiece; a film whose plot - a little girl's separation from her parents - is told through director Hayao Miyazaki's exquisite, hand-drawn, traditional animation style. His curious blend of restrained pastoral scenes with a story that is flavoured with a strong social conscience presents the more poetic side of Japanese animation - and perhaps all of contemporary mainstream cinema.

The film begins with 10-year-old Chihiro sulking in the back seat of the family car en route to her new home and school. Nearly there, Chihiro's father takes a wrong turn and the family ends up at the entrance of a dark tunnel, akin to the rabbit hole in Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*. Ignoring Chihiro's protest, she and her parents travel through the tunnel and end up at a collection of strange buildings that Chihiro's father takes to be an abandoned theme park. Again, against Chihiro's protests, her parents start nosing around and find a restaurant where, after eating the food, they are promptly transformed into pigs. As darkness falls and the buildings come alive with dark spirits, Chihiro finds herself trapped in an alternate world ruled by the evil sorceress Yubaba. Chihiro quickly discovers her only hope of both survival and rescuing her parents is to take a job in Yubaba's exotic bathhouse, patronized by Japanese gods. In exchange for the job, however, Chihiro is forced to give up her name. The rest of the plot takes the form of Chihiro's quest for self-discovery, aided by a peculiar assortment of creatures.

The version of *Spirited Away* that is being shown in North America was prepared for Disney by John Lasseter and Kirk Wise (of *Toy Story* and *Beauty and the Beast* fame respectively). Yet, while Disney's animated features generally exist only to fulfill the service of creating a crowd-pleasing product with plenty of opportunity for fast food tie-ins, Miyazaki has taken the animated medium and rendered an awe-inspiring work. *Spirited Away* is the product of an imagination allowed to wander back-alleys and dark forests - a world in which no fairytale princess would dare set foot. It is also mercifully free of the cute humour (wink-wink, nudge-nudge) geared toward adult

audiences of so many current animated features.

What has earned Miyazaki a loyal adult following, then, is the fact that his movies also lend themselves to readings richer than most contemporary animated films can provide. His last movie, *Princess Mononoke*, is a fable with an ecological message. *Spirited Away* reaches further and comments on everything from a forgotten Japan - the "Old World" filled with gods, manners and more gracious customs - to the new materialism - represented by the No Face monster, plagued by insecurity and loneliness, who tries to buy companionship. But these metaphors are handled with such delicacy that they can either be ignored at no expense to the continuity of the story, or read into as extensions of the tale's already strong emotional centre.

Ultimately, Miyazaki is a storyteller in a league of his own. *Spirited Away* unfolds like a magic carpet ride through his imagination. Chihiro's emotional journey is told with sensitivity and her character develops with an authentic ring of heart-felt truthfulness. Thematically charged and absolutely delightful, the charm of *Spirited Away* is its breathless sense of wonder. It is positively wide-eyed in its innocence and invites us to be likewise.

So, why don't you let yourself be spirited away?



## 8 Women

Natalie O'Brien is just one woman among many.

Ah, the French - unashamed of their father fetishes, lesbian clichés and random musical numbers. And that is what we like about them. *8 Women* is a murder mystery, but mystery is about as important as men in the movie (ie. non-existent). Really, the film is an excuse to get eight french actresses of varying ages and diva-ness together.

Catherine Deneuve is the Queen Diva - she can cut a person down with the arch of her eyebrow and turn them into a puddle by swaying her hips - so she has the central role of the murdered man's wife. She is a bit awkward playing the mother to Virginie Darnieux and Ludvine Sagner, for she gives off alpha female vibes - it is hard to see her as anything but a rival to other women.

The women do rival each other for the father/brother/husband's attention but he is just an object for the women to use against each other - they are all more



interested in their position in the pack than the dead man upstairs with a knife in his back.

Film buffs will get a kick out Deneuve and Fanny Ardant, both past lovers of Director Francois Truffaut, getting into a catfight that leads to a fierce make-out session. You can ignore the lackluster staging that makes the film more of a taped theatre show than a movie just to see these women interact - without their boy toys as distraction.

## Cinema Studies Student Union Presents... Free Friday Films - The Taiwanese Series

Nov. 8: Yi Yi (A One and Two)

Nov. 15: He Liu (The River)

A truly strange masterpiece about dysfunctional families, urban loneliness and loveless sex from critically-worshipped Tsai Ming-liang.

Winner of the Special Jury Prize at the Berlin Film Festival 1997.

Nov. 22: Hsi yen (The Wedding Banquet).

Ang Lee (director of The Ice Storm and Sense and Sensibility) creates a film about the pressure a loving family can exert and the lengths a son will go to please them. Wai Tung lives with his male lover in New York while his parents in Taiwan wait anxiously for his marriage. Enter a girl in need of a Green Card and in-laws that have to fly in for the wedding and you have a modern romantic farce.

Nov. 29: No Free Friday Film.

Reel Asian International Film Festival

Dec. 6: Meet Me in Saint Louis

Celebrate the last week of class with Vincente Minnelli's Technicolour masterpiece set around the Saint Louis World's Fair of 1904. Judy Garland stars as Esther Smith who is in love with 'The Boy Next Door'. Margaret O'Brien is Tootie, her troublesome younger sister. Garland's 'Have Yourself a Merry Little Christmas' is destined to get you ready for the holidays.

Check out the next CINSSU meeting - Every Friday, past the Innis Café.  
New members welcome! For more info: <http://www.utoronto.ca/ffi/>



Come celebrate the rebirth of your college newspaper.

## Innis Herald Launch Party

November 14th, 2002  
Time: 7:00 - 10:00pm  
In the Innis College Cafe

If you've ever been involved in the Herald (or are interested in becoming involved) you are invited.  
Free (vegan) food will be provided.

## Hable Con Ella and Décalage Horaire Felicia Migliore brings the Festival to the people.

### Hable Con Ella / Talk to Her

Dir: Pedro Almodóvar, Spain, 2002

The success of Pedro Almodóvar's new film, *Talk to Her*, lies in the relationship between the male characters. Marco (Dario Grandinetti), a teary-eyed journalist, and Benigno (Javier Cámara), a male nurse, are in love with different women. At first, what the two characters share is that the women they love are both in comas; however, soon a friendship between Marco and Benigno develops as they realize their mutual despair, loneliness, and love for a woman who is unable to love them back. When a revelation towards the end of the film challenges their friendship, it also challenges the viewer's trust in the characters. It is a credit to Javier Cámara that he has created a character in Benigno who is so loveable and forgivable that it practically overshadows the horrible act he eventually commits. Visually stunning, emotionally challenging, and at times very humorous, especially a certain scene involving an old silent film, *Talk to Her* is a touching and beautiful successor to Almodóvar's acclaimed *All About My Mother*.



### Décalage Horaire / Jet Lag

Dir: Danièle Thompson, France, 2002

How is it possible that this film starring Juliette Binoche and Jean Reno, two of the best actors of this generation, could fail? Very possible apparently. Despite the chemistry between the couple, somehow *Jet Lag* falls apart and becomes a boring mess. So much so that about forty-five minutes before the end, I was completely tired of the film, the characters, the situation, and just bopping the whole thing would end soon so I could go home and sleep. The basic plot is that there are two people (Binoche and Reno) who are complete opposites. They keep running into each other at an airport after their flights are delayed, they spend time together even though they cannot stand each other, eventually they fall in love, and you know the rest of the story. Maybe my poor opinion of *Jet Lag* is due to the fact that I went to see a really late screening of the film which made me cranky and tired, or maybe it was just because I need to see the film again. Then again, maybe the film wasn't any good. Whatever the reason, *Jet Lag* drags on, putting its characters in uncomfortable situations, and does not even bother tying up all the loose ends at the conclusion (like whatever happened to the drug addiction that Reno's character had at the beginning?). Instead, a dreadfully out-of-place happy ending is capped onto the film, resulting in a completely disappointing viewing experience.



Like film?  
Like writing?  
Why not write about film?  
e-mail the editor:  
bilremote@yahoo.com

## Ararat

Natalie O'Brien takes a walk on the Atom-ic side.

Film cannot be fact - it can only be a representation of reality. This is drilled into every young film student. Atom Egoyan, one of the University of Toronto's most famous alumni, has taken this message to heart. If all film cannot escape its art's unreality then the only way to be true to a subject, especially a historical one, is to acknowledge its artificial construction.

Egoyan wishes to make a film about the Armenian holocaust of 1915, a horrible and mostly hidden chapter in history. Instead of having to explain what happened in interviews and tie-in books (*Titanic* anyone?) Egoyan makes the historical accuracies another part of the film. Arsenee Khanjian plays the film's historical consultant, while Egoyan regulars Bruce Greenwood and Elias Koteas play actors in the film within the film. They question the history, the research and the meaning of the event almost a hundred years later.

Another U of T student, David Alpay, is

the centre of the film, holding it together with his dark, wounded eyes. How does a person raised in the comfort and safety of Canada respond to the genocide of his ancestors? He lost a father to the cause yet he can't really discern that for which he was fighting. He roots the film in the now, not just historically but also emotionally - these events are not just a part of a forgotten past.

The only real weakness is Egoyan's obligatory Oedipal/Electra complex of Marie-Josée Croze. She needs to make her pain over her father's death more important then it is but comes across as a spoiled child rather than a person who has experienced real loss. Instead her presence becomes an excuse for nudity. Hopefully, Egoyan will realize that art films are still art films without Freudian sub-text and gritty sex. *Ararat* is too tightly crafted to need such throw away characters.

*Opens November 15.*



## Innis Herald General Meeting

November 25th, 2002  
6:00pm

Show your enthusiasm for snack food  
(and Herald business, of course.)

## Attention Photographers!

Want fame and fortune? Want a chance at the spotlight?

Then what you need is the  
**Cover Photo Contest!**

Send us your best Innis College related photo, and the best one will sit on the cover of our next issue.

Slip it under the door of Room 108, Innis College  
or send it by e-mail at [innisherald@yahoo.com](mailto:innisherald@yahoo.com)



## Arts &amp; Entertainment

## Enduring Love

Reviewer Andrea Siu finds Ian McEwan's new book a captivating read.

How can you be certain of the reality of what lies in front of you? How can you be positive that what you see, feel, smell, or hear actually exists and isn't merely a figment of your imagination or, worse yet, a consequence of a horrible syndrome of the mind?

A field of flowers, warm summer sunshine, a hot air balloon floating in the distance, a man falling from the sky, an impassioned stalker – could Joe Rose have dreamed it all up?

*Enduring Love* is an absolutely fascinating novel and a very worthwhile read. One of the first works of a very new genre – a combination of science, philosophy, and religion pit against human emotion and passion – this novel is brilliantly crafted in a way that has each reader drawing his or her own conclusions about what is imagined versus what is real. McEwan doesn't tell you what to feel or what you should take away; his themes do not jump out at you right away nor does he seem to be waving a banner across which a great moral message shines brightly. The novel is all about subtleties, employing careful and clever tactics of confusion. Perhaps it is because of these perplexities that I was drawn to the plight of one character one moment, and suspiciously turned away in the next.

Upon finishing this novel, I found myself attempting the dual task of recovering from the shock of the finale, and trying to find someone else who had also read the book. I wanted someone to confirm my own convictions. Was what I read real? Could Joe Rose have conjured up an impassioned stalker to deal with the trauma of guilt he felt after watching a good man fall to his seemingly pointless death? Or did Joe Rose just have the misfortune of having made acquaintance with a very sick person? Of this, I am still uncertain. I am certain of one thing however, *Enduring Love* is a worthwhile read.

## 3 Haikus - Love?

by Tara Hirebet

Your fingers played invisible pianos.  
On my hand fairies from your soul  
Pranced delicately, I enchanted, stayed.

You satiated my physical thirst  
With a crumpled bill, but that night  
You, oblivious, drew insatiable thirsts.

To forget, you're made foreign  
Never touched my land, but  
crying yesterday  
My skin revealed your footprints.

Please send all A&E submissions to [ae\\_herald@yahoo.ca](mailto:ae_herald@yahoo.ca)

Questions or comments regarding this section are also to be emailed to the address above.

## Skipping Stones: The Rolling Stones Play the Skydome

The old dogs of rock n' roll can still turn the heat up.

by Katie Frank

It was a dark and stormy night. Droplets of rain fell heavily on the cement, forming menacing puddles and threatening the gelled hair and high heels of the concertgoers. The air was crisp, and the excitement of the fans electric. Their final destination: the Skydome, to see none other than the Rolling Stones.

The evening began with an excellent performance by No Doubt. Transported back to the nostalgic days of "I'm Just a Girl," "Spiderwebs" and "Don't Speak," I thoroughly relished singing along with Gwen Stefani as I witnessed her exceptional stage presence. However, the crowd, with a median age of forty-five, seemed to be more concerned with finding their seats and buying beer than with appreciating the charismatic and nuanced performance of Ms. Stefani. The crowd wanted the Stones, and boy did they get hit hard.

Opening with the electrifying "Brown Sugar," the audience rose from their seats, both out of respect and excitement, to welcome some of the greatest icons of rock history to Toronto. By the third song, the crowd was basking in the aura of the Stones' physical presence, and were loving every minute of it. After a rollicking performance of "Start Me Up," in keeping with their reputation for unremitting self-promotion, it seemed as though the Stones tried to sneak in "Don't Stop," a new song from their *Forty Licks* album, in the hopes that the crowd's excitement would translate into record sales. The audience, however, was not fooled. Cries of excitement turned to faces of disappointment, and loud cheers turned to dull chatter. Many decided to take advantage of this moment, not to plan when they would go out and purchase *Forty Licks*, but rather to sit and rest their aching legs.

Not surprisingly, this did not dissuade Mick Jagger and company. With more energy than Gene Simmons on Quaaludes, Sir Mick's lean body jumped around and entertained the 45,000 fans at the Skydome for over two hours. It was this high voltage entertainment that was well worth the price of admission.

In any case, I will spare the dinosaur jokes, the Viagra hits, or cracks at their serious need for embalming. I may not be the biggest Stones fan, but I can recognize a good show when I see one. Alex Bronstein, a fourth-year economics major at the University of Toronto agrees, "... It was my fourth time seeing them, and they completely blew me away... They are definitely the greatest rock band ever!"

The stage, with its massive screens, brilliant lights, and loud speakers, was truly spectacular. The highlight, though, was the innovative guitar camera, perched on Keith Richards' guitar, producing a jagged intimacy with Mr. Rock 'n Roll himself. As well, the B-stage, set out in the

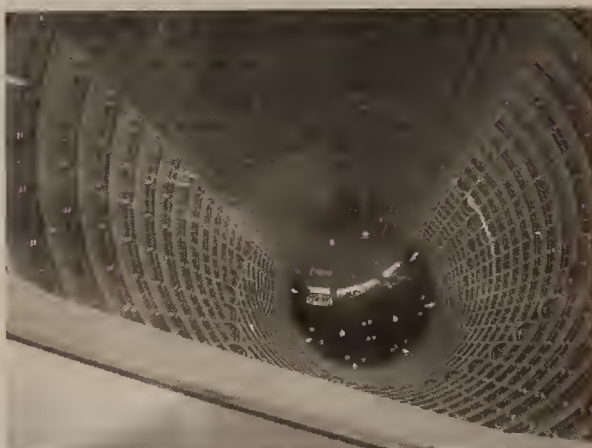
middle of the floor by a thin catwalk, was very well-received by the many fans who filled in the empty aisles and were able to get as close as fifteen feet to the living legends. Posters as varied as "Bobby Keys is a real Stone," to "I love you Mick!" surrounded the small stage, and the set including such tracks as "You Got Me Rocking" and "Gimme Shelter," ended with Keith Richards throwing his guitar pick into the pit of raving fans.

The Stones' performance at the Skydome was the last leg of their three-tiered appearance in Toronto. Playing different-sized venues throughout the *Forty Licks* tour, the Stones first kicked off at the Palaise Royale in August, and

performed to 18,000 fans at the Air Canada Centre two days before their Skydome concert.

Brandon Siegal, a Rotman alumni said, "If this really was their last concert in Toronto, this was definitely the way to go out."

I am hopeful that this will not be the Rolling Stones' last calling, as fans are still very eager to hear once more the live energy of "Start me up," "Satisfaction" and other classic Stones anthems. The mere fact that these rock anthems live on is simple proof that there is nothing better for rock than tireless energy and a bit of weathering.



by Mark Greenberg

## A Damned Good Time

Joel Elliot reviews *The Damned w/ Tiger Army and The Matadors* - Oct. 4, Call The Office, London, ON

Satan himself endorses rock and roll. I'm sure generations of parents have been telling their children that since KISS. Lately it seems that things have changed: Rock and roll has become an outdated term and punk rock, music's original bastard son – the one that was supposed to save rock music from commercial whitewash – has been reduced to Blink 182 and Sum 41. Isn't it ironic then that punk's salvation may just be here in the form of a band called The Damned – a band that has actually been here all along, releasing singles back in 1976, even before the Sex Pistols.

The Prince of Darkness was there even at the start with openers The Matadors, a band that played an especially gothic brand of psychobilly (think Dead Kennedys, the Stray Cats, and Screamin' Jay Hawkins all thrown into a musical blender), displaying a giant skull on the end of the stand-up bass and three still figures covered in black sheets. Once Tiger Army came on the crowd started to get more fully into it, even the hardcore

punks not minding how much twangy reverb came out of frontman Nick 13's hollow-bodied guitar.

However, The Damned were clearly the most recognized and most experienced band of the night, shedding a surprising amount of talent within their almost comic book-like appearance. However, their stage presence alone should be given a certain degree of credit, what with Richard Simmons' double on keyboards and Captain Sensible on guitar, taking pause to lecture the crowd on the evils of tobacco use. Not to mention lead singer and master of ceremonies Dave Vanian, who used his position at the mike for a variety of purposes; with songs ranging in content from pure darkness to pure absurdity to pure politics ("Democracy?" is probably their best and most well-known song from their new album, *Grave Disorder*). The apparent thematic disunity, however, didn't matter to those who were just there for a good, uncorrupted rock and roll show, which is exactly what it turned out to be.



## A Show Far From Small and Frail, but Definitely Sexy

**Vanessa Meadu keeps her ear to the Pulsebeat as she reviews Beck and The Flaming Lips, October 20, 2002, Massey Hall, Toronto**

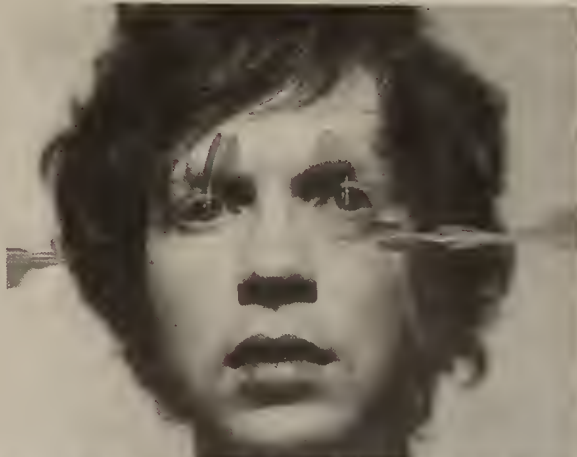
I'll let you in on a secret: Massey Hall is the acoustic Mecca of Toronto. Compared to the endless tiny clubs or the cavernous echoes of the Air Canada Centre, Massey Hall provides an intimate and gorgeous atmosphere, and artists who play there should consider themselves lucky. The fans should consider themselves even luckier. I've seen some pretty fantastic rock shows there in the past (Smashing Pumpkins, Sigur Rós), some hot jazz (Tito Puente) and more classical concerts than I know what to do with. There was no way I could say no to seeing Beck there on his current tour. That he was promoting his new, astonishingly good album *Sea Change*, was an added draw. That the Flaming Lips were not only opening but acting as his goddamn backup band sealed the sweet deal. My expectations were through the roof.

As an usher led me to my seat, I could barely focus on putting one foot in front of another; my senses were suddenly attacked from all sides by the 3-piece rock fiesta that are the Flaming Lips. People in various furry animal suits (think bunnies, goldfish, cats) danced onstage around the band in a heavy fog of smoke, spastically waving high-beam flashlights at various disco balls and other shiny objects. Giant confetti-filled balloons bounced off audience-members' heads, while projections of Japanese gangster girl movies flickered on the screen behind the stage. The sound had everyone on their feet, grooving whether or not they knew what was going on (I, for one, had no clue). Blazing through some of the tracks off their latest, *Yoshimi Battles the Pink Robots*, the Lips really had it going on. The sound coming out of the speakers was that kind of thick and fuzzy bass-heavy sound that lifts you about four inches off the ground, never quite letting on when you're going to crash back down. As the pulsating lights flared, confetti burst like fireworks overhead, fetters were fomenting wildly onstage, the room was bumping and suddenly... everything went dark... and quiet. But this lasted only for a second, before wild shouts and exclamations from both the band and the audience resumed the din for a few moments longer. And then we were informed that something had gone wrong. The electric deluge was over. All of a sudden, the Flaming Lips couldn't hide behind their carnival lights — we were about to see the real men behind the curtain.

Frontman Wayne Coyne, and bandmembers Steven Drozd and Michael Ivins took it all in excellent stride. The Lips finished their set in a more or less toned-down manner, even taking spontaneous requests from the still-hyped crowd. After carefully explaining the show's format to anyone who might have been confused, the Flaming Lips got off stage and let the tech men and women do their jobs. The audience camaraderie continued into the intermission, with some people chucking the remaining balloons back and forth, while others picked confetti out of their hair and eyelashes. The set was changed into something more glamorous, with disc-shaped white risers on each side and the mic at the front surrounded by glowing orange spheres. It was time for Beck.

For all the noise, genius and sex appeal Beck exudes, you'd hardly realize how small and frail he looks in real life. Small, frail and sexy, that is (he recently made the cover of *Bust* magazine's sex issue). The show opened slowly and unfolded much the same way, mixing around the deeper tracks off 1998's *Mutations* and 1996's *Mellow Gold* as well as a hefty dose of and the current *Sea Change*. *Sea Change* is like this: imagine everything you know and have heard about Beck — the funky/sleazy Mr. Roboto raps, the headbang sing-along disco trax, the twangy self-deprecating country-bumpkin anthems... now chuck them all aside and run your ear over them or something. *Sea Change* is Beck without the bells and whistles, without the genre-mocking headfucks, without all the blinding neon lights. It's like a thick Beck milkshake: mellow, rich, sedate, filling, satisfying and totally energy-sapping. Songs speak of sorrow, lost causes, heartbreak, loneliness, and whiskey. It's all so very removed from the tight pink vinyl trousers of 1999's *Midnite Vultures*. But as amazing as *Sea Change* is, it's only one small part of Beck's eclectic repertoire. And I'll dropkick any more rock critics who whine for the "old 'two-turntables-and-a-microphone' Beck," or praise the fact that he's "finally matured." Beck's gonna do it all, and he's gonna do it well, and it's fine if people can't handle that, because the night of the show, I was in an auditorium full of people who could.

It probably wasn't Beck's strongest performance ever. I've never seen him before, but he admitted to being over-tired and then proceeded to conk himself in the head with his guitar while attempting a



**Beck: dances like a sexy mother, and also makes some pretty good music.**

rockstar pose. He gained steam, however, towards the second half of the show, the Flaming Lips barreling along behind him, giving him some of the energy he may have been lacking. It took a while, but Beck did finally break out the dance moves, moonwalking and making like a robot all over the front of the stage. It took the crowd even longer to rock out... it wasn't until the popular favourite "Loser" was played that people finally stood up and started to shake their asses. Beck's decision to play "Loser" may have seemed questionable, seeing as it's his one big mainstream college-rock bit, and obviously not "underground" enough for the likes of some. But it turns out that The Flaming Lips were the ones to actually choose the songs. When Beck initially asked them to tour with him, they went out and learned how to play their favourites, and then presented them to him. Since the selection was already narrowed down, Beck stuck with it, and in a strange display

of conceding control to the backup band, the Lips' word became gospel.

The show's tone took a few more dips as it approached its end. "Round the Bend" (off *Sea Change*) was absolutely mesmerizing, in its full and gorgeous orchestral sound, Beck's deep voice bleeding gently through the synthesized warmth of deep strings. It was enough to nearly stun me, and I was slow to tear myself out of my chair when the band later broke into the opening 'doo-doo-doo' of "The New Pollution." The show ended with an encore, consisting of a cavalcade of freaky dancing-tracks, "Where It's At" and "Devil's Haircut," both off *Odyssey*. Beck had pleased us; he wooed us with his slower songs, shaken us up with his dance numbers and most importantly, sealed his fate as one of the few completely original, artistic and accessible musicians this town has seen in ages.

## We're Always Building

**A&E editor Alice Kim explains her hopes for the future direction of the section.**

Though well on its way to its desired state, A&E still has much to do. My goal is not to detract from the successes the section has already achieved, but rather to further remind everyone the direction I'd like to see the section take. For starters, an enthusiastic "Congratulations!" goes out to all the contributors of the last issue. Even a quick glance and skim through the pages will make it apparent that A&E has begun establishing a fine team of reviewers. My question, however, is where is everyone else? Isn't Innis the college at UofT that is specifically well known for its creative vibes? *Where have all the artists gone?*

As written in the year's first issue, A&E is out to explore new territory and continues in its endeavour to achieve an exceptional level of creativity. Its function is not

one that is confined to leisure and entertainment, but also to provides a means of exposure for the great artistic minds of this college. I would like to fill more of this space with creative works consisting of short stories, poetry, drawings and photographic art alongside our outstanding reviews. A&E is aiming for these pages to contain more variety while maintaining the standards of quality. This section has set goals and I would like to see them through. With this said, I remind everyone that A&E welcomes submissions of all sorts with arms wide open. Suggestions and new ideas are also encouraged.

Along with the reform outlined above comes the need for some "behind the scenes" help. For more information on helping out or submitting email [ae\\_herald@yahoo.ca](mailto:ae_herald@yahoo.ca)

### This Month's Kicks

- 11 November — Dan Bern @ Lee's Palace
- 13 — 24 November — Rheostatics @ The Horseshoe
- 14 November — Lali Puna, Opiate & Styrofoam @ Lee's Palace
- 14 November — Tara Jane O'Neil, Mick Turner & Picastro @ Tequila Lounge
- 15 November — Mr. Scruff @ Roxy Blue
- 17 November — Tegan and Sarah @ Lee's Palace
- 19 November — Andy Stochansky w/ John Mayer @ Kool Haus
- 20 November — "Braindance the Return" (w/ Bogdan Raczynski, Astrobotnia, D'arcangelo and others) @ Lee's Palace
- 23 November — Saint Etienne @ Opera House
- 27 November — Ani DiFranco (solo + acoustic!) @ Massey Hall
- 28 November — The Music & The Vines @ Kool Haus



## A Night of Fire and Dance

Masako Ikegami reviews the screening of a new documentary exploring the origins of *Katahk* and *Flamenco* dance.

The first Canadian debut of *Fire Dance*, Vishnu Mathur's documentary exploring the relationship between *Katahk* and *Flamenco* dancing was held at Innis Town Hall. Frank Cunningham, principal of the College, opened the night by saying: "Who says education can't be fun?" Indeed, from a historical perspective this educational event evoked new revelations alongside a spectacular display of *Katahk* and *Flamenco* dancing. For those unaware, *Flamenco* dancing traces its origins to *Katahk* dancing of Northern India.

Ronald Lee, a scholar on the Roma people (commonly and derogatorily referred to as "Gypsies") gave a short lecture on the ancient ethnic ties between the Roma people (plural *Romanae*) and the people of north, central India. It is believed that when the Romas left India they took *Katahk* dancing culture across Europe to

Spain where it evolved into what we now recognize as *Flamenco*. In ancient times the country now known as Afghanistan periodically plundered the area known as India in a series of massacres and mass enslavement. Due to such socio-political instability, the original Roma group fled from India to make their way from Anatolia (in India) to the Balkans, and then onwards to the city of Andalusia in Spain by around 1425. With time the Arab and Moorish influence became apparent in the *Romanae* dance form that was originally practiced in India. By the time they reached Spain, the only remnants of *Katahk* dancing in *Flamenco* style was the elaborate hand movements and the musical scales.

Joanna Das and Esmeralda Enrique, the two documented dancers of *Katahk* and *Flamenco* dancing each performed a short

piece for the audience before the screening of *Fire Dance*. Their artful and expressive dances not only awed the audience, but also clearly demonstrated the similarities between the two forms. Both dancers are skilled professionals who direct their own dancing schools in the Toronto area. Through their compilation in a piece they call *Reflections: East and West*, they learned the similarities between their art forms. Das and Enrique worked together on the piece over a course of several months, and their piece is entirely unique to themselves, including the co-ordinated costumes and music performed by Enrique's husband and accompanist.

Both the shoes and *gunguru*, a string of bells around the ankles, worn by the two dancers are accessories that emphasize the rhythm in their movement. An elegant bell shaped effect is produced by

both Esmeralda's flowing skirt and Joanna's Indian sari. To the spectator, the most obvious similarity between the two arts lies in the intricate hand movements and the rhythms in their step. Joanna described the many meanings of her hands such as a butterfly, a bull, or a veil pulled over a demure lady. Esmeralda explained that her hands express her emotions and also help to keep the beat of the dance.

Full of cultural and historical discoveries, the evening dissolved the popular belief of polarizing the East and the West, giving the audience a new insight into historical ties of countries as far apart as India and Spain. The live performances by the dancers in the documentary gave the audience an experience based realization of the beauty and continuity between *Katahk* and *Flamenco* dancing.

## A Zine Stalk

Co-Editor Stephanie Silverman gives a beginners guide to zines.

Lately, there has been an independent media revolution brewing in the depths of alternative Toronto. These people have been known to surface at annual carnival-type events like Canzine and the Anarchist Book Fair but they are also working year-round to keep indie media in stock. There

are certain revered leaders of this kind, such as Hal Niedzivicki (author of many books and even featured in the *Globe* and *Mail*—oh my!), as well as more underground names that not even the hippest beatnik can recite off the top of his hatted head. It is great to get involved in the

underground press both as a means to personal enlightenment and to get a foot in the industry. Some magazines started off as zines (a self-published magazine), such as *Vice* and *Wallpaper*; some television shows emulate the zinesters themselves, such as the producers of *Our Hero* who in fact interviewed yours truly to gain insight into what it means to "be zine"; and many radio shows and novels draw inspiration from what is being produced on the streets. I highly recommend anyone with a chip on her shoulder, a poem that begs a wider audience, or even a creative voice that should be heard to consider starting a zine. Further, unlike with the more mainstream press, you don't need to know anyone or kiss anyone's butt to get yourself published because you are your own boss. Also, as you may have been able to discern from the difference between your art teacher and your law professor, creative-types are much less judgemental than those heedlessly tied to the machine. As a record industry exec once excitedly emailed me on the subject of a possible collaboration, "zines rule".

Here are some ways to get involved in the zine scene and get some much-needed respite from your stressful university education:

1. Still confused as to what a zine is? Check out some of these zine distribution companies: Drown Soda is run by a UofT student and the catalogue can be browsed at <http://www.angelfire.com/zine2/drownsoda/>; The Toronto Women's Bookstore (just a step away at Harbord and Spadina) is a great source for zines; Union Zine Distro is run by the McGill Students' Union and can be reached online at <http://members.tripod.com/unionzine/>; Great Worm is also out of Toronto and carries a wide variety of zines for all types: [www.greatworm.ca](http://www.greatworm.ca); Fathom Productions is just starting out and is always open to new authors and their

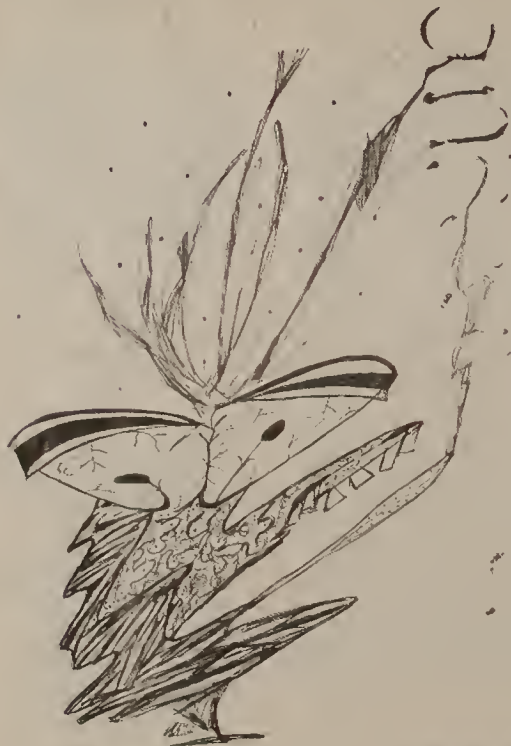
works: [www.fathomproductions.com](http://www.fathomproductions.com);

Marginal is from Toronto and carries both zines and smallpress books and novels: [www.marginalbook.com](http://www.marginalbook.com); and, of course, you should take note of Broken Pencil, the veritable bible of independent arts and culture, now in its 8<sup>th</sup> year and celebrating its 20<sup>th</sup> issue: [www.brokenpencil.com](http://www.brokenpencil.com)

2. Action Grrrlz is a spot for all the grrrlz, womyn, and womyn identified trans bois and grrrlz to get together to work on those projects that never seem to get started - or finished. It is a warm and nurturing place to do knitting, zines, woodworking, comix, letter writing, pants patching, sticker making etc. in the company of sassy grrrlz - very often, the best kind of grrrl. Action Grrrlz is now meeting the second Saturday of every month at 519 Church St. room #31 \* between 2-4:30pm! Contact Michele or Sarah at: [gaygeekrock@sympatico.ca](mailto:gaygeekrock@sympatico.ca)

3. Want to help out the scene? Get involved with notable events like Ladyfest Toronto (<http://www.ladyfesttoronto.cjb.net/>) or CanZine (<http://www.brokenpencil.com/canzine/index.php>) or Cut 'n Paste Zine Fair (<http://phlegmatic.ca/pipemail/toronto-zines/2002-January/000038.html>) or Intem for more-established zines like Lola (<http://www.lolamagazine.com/>) or This Magazine (<http://www.thismag.org>) or Chart (<http://chartattack.com>)

I'll bet that you didn't think that indie culture was so alive and well in this era of no-choice (Coke or Pepsi, *Globe* and *Mail* or *Star*, NDP or Conservative) and singular voices. But wait! There is an even easier way of getting involved in underground journalism and that is by contributing to a well-respected and well-financed operation like the *Innis Herald*. Contact us or we'll contact you: [innisherld@yahoo.com](mailto:innisherld@yahoo.com)



by Ahreum Han



## Eating Out (With) Innis

Sometimes Opinion writer Dan Hoyer introduces the Herald's new food column, and proves he is more spiteful and hate-filled than anyone had previously thought.

I would like to introduce my all-new restaurant review column and, I guess, offer a bit of an apology concerning just why I was granted this privilege. I come from a cooking family (my father's a chef and has been cooking for over thirty years) and I've worked in the restaurant industry as a cook for the last five years. I feel that there are three main things that give me credibility for this column: first, I have a love of food; second, (thanks to my father) I have a knowledge of food; and, finally, I am incredibly fussy, opinionated, and, in general, hate everyone and everything. It was really just a matter of time before I became a critic.

Essentially, I want to review places close to Innis that I feel might be interesting, good, or in some way worth checking out. Hopefully over the course of the year I will be able to find some decent restaurants for all of you out there in Innis-land and warn you to stay clear of others. But in all seriousness, the reason I'm doing this is, no, not out of a love of food or any philanthropic sentiment, but because I thoroughly enjoy going out to eat on Innis' bill. So, without further ado, I present my cranky, elitist, food-related opinions.

### Porta Pane (2 1/2 Slaps out of Four)

For this, my first ever restaurant review for the illustrious dining guide that is the Innis Herald, I decided that it would be appropriate to open up with a bang. To that effect I ventured south along St. George, past College and down to that mysterious little diamond-in-the-ruff street named Baldwin. Baldwin, for those who've never been, is this bizarre one-block stretch in the middle of the student-ghetto containing several fancy-ish Italian and French cafés, Indian-Fusion bistros, a used record store, and a Mexican tapas place. It presents itself (albeit surreptitiously) as the perfect special-occasion outing location for the Innis student; it's close, it's not too expensive (though not altogether cheap), and, most importantly, it has a sexy-yet-subdued aura about it.

My companion for my meal at *Porta Pane*, the medium-up scale Italian bistro two doors west of McCaul, was, needless to say, very impressed and almost touched by my choice of restaurant (notwithstanding the fact that it was my younger brother). We were both initially intrigued by the warm, dark color scheme (very soft, woody-browns and dull maroons), the minimal use of electric lighting (relying almost entirely on candlelight), and the cool, not-overbearing-yet-not-boring bebop skimming lightly from the speakers to our window-side table.

The sight of our quite breathtaking (but soft-spoken and awkward) waitress bringing us menus reinforced our positive mood; unfortunately, though, it was in reading the menu that our mood sharply fell. *Porta Pane's* repertoire is entirely too traditionally Italian, with a familiar choice of caesar or tomato/bocconcini salads, minestrone soup, marinated and roasted vegetables, or fried calamari for appetizers. We had the caesar and a plate of roasted vegetables (consisting of artichoke hearts, tomato, peppers, eggplant and zucchini marinated in a balsamic-vinaigrette). The caesar was acceptable, but not great. The romaine was fresh and crisp and dressed lightly, but the dressing itself had far too much vinegar and not nearly enough mustard or eggs, which left it flat and runny. My vegetables were even worse than that; they were cold, over-cooked, (also) too vinegary, and vastly under-seasoned. In short, it was glorified baby-food.

Luckily, our post-appetizer prayers were answered and the entrees were far superior. My companion chose fettuccini in a white-wine Alfredo sauce from a pasta menu consisting of six almost identical dishes. Although the dish was also slightly under-seasoned, it was still quite good. The Alfredo was kept to a minimum, allowing the full hearty texture of the fettuccini to come forth. I had pizza, which seemed (from the menu layout and selection) to be their feature dish. Here again most of the selection was effectively meaningless, the choice being merely

between sausage, vegetables (peppers and zucchini), or olives as toppings. Mine had olives, gorgonzola, and sausage (which was advertised as spicy, but was anything but). It was cooked nicely, with a thick, hard crust and an ample supply of good extra-virgin olive oil for a warm, greasy flavor. However, the pizza, like the entire meal and, for that matter, the restaurant itself, was nothing special.

So what am I saying about *Porta Pane*? Well, essentially, I love Baldwin, and the atmosphere of the restaurant was a perfect

fit for the neighborhood. It was elegant, charming, and stylish, but the menu was uncreative at best and the food was disappointingly bland. Baldwin is most definitely a street not to be missed, but perhaps it would be best to try a different restaurant (which I might do myself for next month's edition). Overall, I have to give the chef at *Porta Pane* two and one-half slaps out of four (meaning that I would like to slap the chef two and one-half times as recompense for the unsatisfying meal).

## About a Badly Drawn Boy Nina Haikara reviews his October 24th concert at The Pheonix.

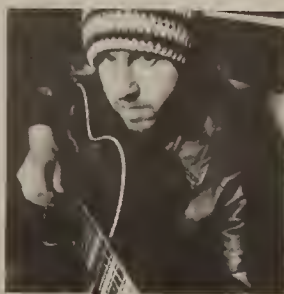
Damon Gough's (Badly Drawn Boy) Mercury Prize winning debut *The Hour of Bewilderbeast* (2000) garnered the boy with the wool hat so much attention that he should probably stop wearing it. But he won't. It has become his signature, in addition to his sound, and he wears it even in the dead heat of summer.

Rather than classify Gough into the category of Pop/Rock, his music can be best described as "wool hat." Often colourful, it's threaded with darker lines. It's warm comforting, and though it may itch a little on the surface, it's the warmth you return to. For all you know, it's made of cotton. Whatever the hat is made of, you don't want to know, because it would ruin the magic. It's a style that fits.

After *Bewilderbeast*, Gough was hired to compose the soundtrack for Nick Hornby's novel-to-film *About a Boy* (2002). The irony between the film title and Gough's recording name aside, the music worked (as did the duck-killing themed videos). Having chronicled Hugh Grant's relationship woes, Gough returns to his own on *Have you Fed the Fish?*

Opening for Badly Drawn Boy on his 16-date North American tour (Toronto being the only Canadian city), was Adam Green of Moldy Peaches fame (currently on hiatus). Green's half dozen songs were series of narrative tracks performed with an acoustic guitar and a dry, deadpan voice. "Jessica, Jessica Simpson/You've got it all wrong/Your fraudulent smile/the way that you faked it the day that you died." His CD would have been worth it for this amusing track alone, but the shock content of the final number turned me off, starting with the line: "It's easy to fuck a girl with no legs." If you're attracted to this kind of humour, including other gems - "I'll be getting head/under the rainbow" - then Adam Green is for you.

Supported by a four-piece band, Gough appeared in his ubiquitous wool cap and full-grown beard, looking less the boy and more the 33-year-old man that he is. The multi-instrumentalist launched the show with "40 days, 40 fights" from *Fish2*, continuing with songs "For Hugh Grant" ("A Peak You Reach"). He did not forget the older favourites including "The Shining" and "Pissing in the Wind," often requested by members of the audience. "Don't worry," he replied, indicating early



on he would play what the people wanted to hear.

During "I Was Wrong," Gough requested the audience to part down the middle to create an aisle. He called to a girl at the back to approach the stage. "Come to me," he called. She wouldn't move. "This is going to go on forever if you don't come to me." Giving up, another girl was called forward. He knelt, grasping her by the hand and looking into her eyes while he sang the next song's opening lyrics. "Now I don't know how I could live without you/But certainly I know not about to/I don't believe in anything I see/ Unless I can feel it too." Kissing her hand, he apologized for "what he's put her through," less because of the fact that he called her to the stage, more as if the song was written for her.

This was followed immediately (as on the album) by "You Were Right," a happy, fast-paced apology with quirky lyrics, which involves living next door to Madonna, but having to reject her, "Because I was still in love with you."

Gough hesitated after the last song, drumming his fingers against his guitar while surveying the 32-song set list once more. Rather than go on, he called it quits after two hours of solid performance (barring the five minute "intermission" at the half way mark). It was only \$25 for nearly three hours of music between both acts. I shudder to think I paid \$80 to watch a former Latin sensation gyrate on stage for 45 minutes. I need not distinguish which I would return to see.

*Badly Drawn Boy returns to Toronto in February: Listen to *Have you Fed the Fish?* at [babcad.com](http://babcad.com) or buy it in stores November 5th.*



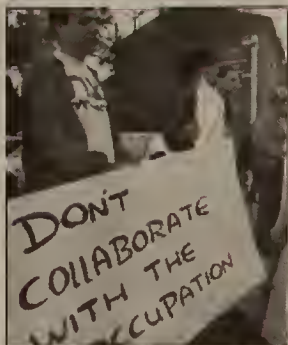
by Mark Greenberg



## Feature

## A Double-Edged Sword

Dan Cohen examines the Israeli-Palestinian conflict by interviewing Jews on both sides of the issue.



On a cold, rainy Friday evening in October – a night that hints of winter's quickly approaching cold – the wind is blowing and the sky has a dull, gray hue. Still, on the corner of Bloor and University a few dozen die-hard protesters are gathered across the street from the Israeli consulate, protesting the Israeli government's settlements on Palestinian territory, and its use of force against Palestinians. This would not be an out of the ordinary occasion if it weren't for one detail: the protesters are Jewish.

For years the Israeli government had been given a blank slate by the Jewish community to act as they wished in the name of creating a safe state for Jews everywhere; however, the protests at Bloor and University, and indeed protests like it all around the world, mark a departure from this traditional attitude. Over the past few years, groups like the Jewish Youth Against the Occupation and the Jewish Women's Committee to End the Occupation have taken up a strong and vocal fight against Israeli actions against Palestinians. So why has this movement grown of late, and why are some Jews suddenly willing to speak out against the Jewish state? The answers to these questions vary, but ultimately they seem to stem from a desire for the violence in the Middle East to end.

But this movement in the Jewish committee is still largely a minority, with the overwhelming majority supporting Israel in a show of solidarity. These people are just as passionate about the situation in Israel as Palestine, and pro-Israel rallies in Toronto showcase this. Surely, this support cannot be blind jingoism, and the arguments from this side must also be looked at.

Before I go any further into examining these groups and their motivations, I feel it's important to make my personal bias clear, as the situation in the Middle East is one extremely close to many people's hearts and I would not want to mislead anyone. I am a second-generation Jewish Israeli immigrant, and although I am atheist and not very involved with the Jewish community in Toronto, almost the entire mass of my extended family still lives in Israel.

Because of these things, I am extremely interested in the reactions of other Jews to the situation in the Middle East. Since I do

not have a concrete position on the subject I am open to opinions on all sides. On one hand I object to many of Israel's actions, but on the other I am also concerned for the safety of my extended family, something that is unfortunately familiar to expatriates on both sides.

So, I undertake this journey through the Jewish reaction to the Israel dilemma with a dual purpose: to inform, and at the same time to better understand the moral dilemma in which I find myself. By examining the arguments used by both groups, I hope to gain a better understanding of the situation.

As mentioned above my journey began in front of the Israeli consulate during a protest against the Israeli occupation of Palestinian territories. (For those of you who don't know, Israel has numerous settlements set up in territory that has been promised to Palestinians, and some call this occupation a violation of human rights.) The protesters taking part are members of an Arab-Jewish umbrella group called the Coalition for a Just Peace in Palestine and Israel. Individual groups present include the Jewish Women's Committee to End the Occupation and Jewish Youth Against the Occupation. Holding signs and distributing literature, these protestors meet every Friday between 5 and 6 pm.

Overwhelmingly the protesters seem to believe the same thing, namely, that while the occupation continues there will not be peace; without it, peace has a chance. Despite differing backgrounds, they take to the street to protest the occupation.

Esther, a woman in her thirties and a member of the Jewish Women Against the Occupation, described her group's reason for protesting as a method of fighting the occupation through education: "Jewish Women Against the Occupation is particularly interested in voicing a different perspective than what's heard in the mainstream, which is that among Jews we are very concerned about what is happening within Israel and Palestine... that we're concerned for Israel's sake and for Palestinians and that we believe that for the security of Israel and for peace the occupation has to end... so, that's why we come out here – for visibility."

Avi, a political science student at the University of Toronto, described his reasons for protesting. "The occupation is a human rights violation... and the only way to resolve this conflict is through some kind of peace. Basically, we're here to send a strong message to say, 'get back on track.' Don't solve your problems through violence; don't solve them through war."

This idea got me thinking: if it was as simple as a complete withdrawal from the occupied territories to bring peace, why hasn't it happened yet? Is a solution possible without violence?

People blame different things for the continued violent nature of the conflict: an overzealous Israeli president in Ariel Sharon, powerful right-wing religious groups in the Knesset (the Israeli parlia-

ment), and a refusal to bow to terrorists. Regardless the message of the protestors was that, despite any excuses, the occupation must end. Max Silverman, a coordinator for the Jewish Youth Against the Occupation, had an added goal to get Canada to pressure Israel as well, "[Our goal is] to get Canada to follow its long history of supporting human rights and supporting peace initiatives."

The Israeli occupation is not a new thing, however, and it does not explain the increased questioning of Israel by Canadian Jews. Silverman describes what he feels are the reasons for this increase: "I think people are realizing what some people have been saying for along time: that there has to be peace and no one can keep living in a continuous cycle of violence. I think people are also beginning to realize that it has to happen now – before more people have to die."

It seems like a simple idea: Israel and Palestine need peace now. So why isn't there a giant outcry for peace? For the answer to this question I turned to the Canada-Israel Committee, an umbrella organization that represents Jewish opinions pertaining to Canadian Middle-East policy for some of the largest Jewish interest groups in Canada such as the Canadian Jewish Congress, B'nai B'rith Canada, the Zionist Federation, and Jewish communities in many Canadian cities. I spoke to David Goldberg the Director of Research and Education for the Canada-Israel Committee about this. His answer to the relative silence on the subject of peace is that that things aren't as simple as the protest groups make them, and that their ideologies do not take into account recent developments. "I'm afraid to say that [protest groups] within our community here, whether because of a lack of information, or because they are locked into passé ideologies just don't get it and it's detrimental to their own cause. If they want to stand for Israel to withdraw from territories... all well and good, but let them understand the context in which things are evolving today; let them not operate in an [ideological] vacuum that does not permit any understanding whatsoever of Israel's perspective on these matters."

Not only that, but he went on to say, "They don't understand what's happening today on the ground, and they should go to the region, they should go to Israel and let them spend some time on the streets of



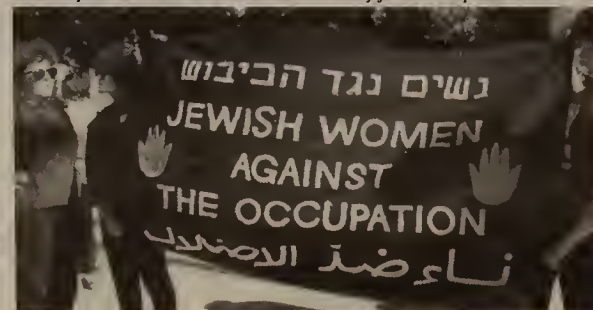
Tel Aviv and Jerusalem and Haifa, and be threatened by terrorist bombings on a daily basis, and then let them come back and spout their left wing ideology."

This seems a valid point; is the desire for peace at all costs a naïve and foolish idea? The situation in the Middle East has been a contentious issue since the 1970s, and pulling back from the occupied territories seems far too simple to be an actual solution. Goldberg points out that Israel made an offer to withdraw from over 90% of the occupied territories that was rejected, "Our stance is that the current violence is completely unnecessary and need not have occurred. If Yasser Arafat had accepted the extremely generous offer made to him at Camp David on July of 2000 this current violence could easily have been avoided."

There are counter arguments to why this offered peace deal was unacceptable to the Palestinians (for a Palestinian view of the offer see <http://www.wrmea.com/html/faq.htm>), but regardless of these reasons, some argue that agreeing to leave the occupied territories is a step on a long path to peace, while others argue it would only encourage more violence by acknowledging the pressure created by suicide bombers.

By talking to both sides, I have come no closer to answers, but I have become more informed. One thing struck me when speaking with the groups, however, as both desired peace, and there seemed to be some acknowledgement of that fact. Max Silverman of the Jewish Youth Against the occupation said, "I think most of the [Jewish] groups support peace as the ultimate goal, but they see the conflict from a very narrow perspective. And I think most members, if you ask them their positions, their positions wouldn't be too far off from the positions of those [at the protest]. I think they've just bought into the notion that we have to support Israel now, or else there won't be an Israel."

It may just be an expectation that these





people must be pitted against each other that causes a fight while both struggle towards the same ultimate goal. Peace is a deceptively simple idea, especially when people's passions are involved. If someone thinks peace should be the be all and the end all, regardless of situation, they will vehemently oppose anyone who seeks to put restrictions on peace.

This could explain the conflict within the Jewish community, with both sides thinking the other misguided. When questioning Max Silverman on whether he is conflicted on opposing the actions of the Jewish state, he responded, "I'm conflicted inasmuch as there's a lot of pressure inside the Jewish community now that regardless of political opinion we all just have to line up and support Sharon, or whoever's in power. I'm conflicted because I consider myself very much a part of the Jewish community but I can't justify the positions taken by much of the mainstream Jewish community."

Despite this pressure from within the Jewish community many of the protesters believe that what they are doing is right. Another protester mentioned earlier, Esther, said in response to the same question, "I don't feel that this is in conflict... I actually feel that this is in keeping with my own family's history of dispossession and their history of political activism. To me that is very much a part of being Jewish - it's a way of looking at the world."

Similarly, Avi, another protester, responded to the same question and brought up another interesting point, "I feel like what I'm protesting for in the long run, and the short run, supports the Israeli state. Because the Palestinians and Israelis are mutually independent - the fate of one people very much has an effect on the

state of the other."

Perhaps these groups aren't as dissimilar as they would like to, or are forced to, believe. Both sides seem to desire peace, but both sides seem to lack an understanding of the other. The conservative-leaning groups are considered narrow-minded because they won't question their support of Israel, while the protest groups are considered ideologues who can't understand the context in which their ideas exist - a bunch of "naïve hippies," if you will.

The differences seem to be in the methodology for seeking peace: the protest groups believe that peace can only happen if the settlements in the occupied territories are removed, while the conservative groups believe that the settlements cannot be abandoned as long as the threat of violence remains because this will allow violence to win out in the end. As Herald Co-Editor Corey Katz said while discussing the story, "I doubt you'll find a rational person who thinks the settlements are a good thing, but there are other factors involved."

The sad part is that this question about the settlements is enough to divide a population that has so much in common, which leaves little hope of solving this question among two groups who have breathed hate for each other since their first breath. In a way the Canadian Jewish groups are a microcosm of the situation in Israel; both desire peace, but they cannot agree on the terms. If people who are members of the same community can't solve the problem, what hope is there for Israelis and Palestinians?

## Home is where the music is. Steffi Daft sees the punk at the end of the tunnel.

In a confusing world where the concept of home is often hard to define, we are forced to make our beds wherever we feel safe to lie down and escape for a moment. For some people, this homecoming involves a warm hearth, for others a good roll in the hay, for me it is all about the music. A good song can alleviate even the worst mood and a good concert can make even the greyest sky bright. Unfortunately, such life-affirming shows are few and far between and this is perhaps the reason why I so rabidly attend live-music shows; namely, I am searching for that elusive feeling of togetherness that music provided when I used to haunt the El Mo and swoon over the angry and sweaty boys of rock. This habit is costly and time-consuming and lately I have had to re-evaluate if it is still all worth it.

One rainy night last October,

however, I temporarily regained this indescribable feeling of camaraderie among strangers that I hold as the highest benefit of being devoted to music and I have the Bouncing Souls to thank for it. This band is my equivalent of a pin-up, and, if I still had a locker, I would clip their picture and scrawl SD & BS with my mom's lipstick on it so that everyone could bear witness to my crush as they headed to gym class. As usual, they rocked the place without having to resort to stock stage antics or the usual call-and-return modicum that less seasoned and/or talented acts often employ. As I stood on the upper-level of the Opera House and bore witness to the primitive moshing dance of the kids below, I finally got back that feeling of home that I had been searching for so long and affirmed to myself that it is indeed worth it.



## There's Something about Robarts ...continued from page 6.

named W. H. van der Smissen. Unfortunately, a devastating fire broke out in 1890 and destroyed many of the 30 thousand books in the collection, leaving intact only the 769 books that were on loan at the time. It was quickly decided that a new library was needed to replace the old one. Acting on their instincts honed through extensive higher learning, the administrators undertook to build a new library in 1892. The construction of the new library cost \$1,110,000, and if you think that's a lot of money now, imagine how much it must have been when a nickel could buy you entrance to a silent film! Meanwhile, the book collection was multiplying so quickly that, by 1929, a new extension was added and this extra building became what you see today as Sigmund Samuel Library.

The librarians thought that they could rest easy at this point; however, in 1959, a completely innovative library system was introduced as advised by the Advisory Committee for Future Library Facilities. This Committee wanted to shake up the system and make Dewey run for cover. They also managed to necessitate the construction of yet another library for the UofT. So, after a long history of moving and relocating, not to mention a disastrous

fire, designers were hired and construction began in 1968. This was the birth of Robarts, named after the premier at the time, along with its two wings, the Thomas Fisher Rare Book Library and the Faculty of Library Science.

So, who actually came up with the ingenious design for Robarts? Well, the design consultants were Warner, Burns, Toan, Lunde, from New York. It's always great when the source of pride for a Canadian university can be attributed to an American firm and especially since it's such a great design at that! The architectural firm was Mathers & Haldenby, located in Toronto. Project management was by Stone & Webster (Canada) Limited, Toronto.

### FACTS AND FIGURES ABOUT THE FIGURE IN THE DISTANCE

The combined size of Jolin P. Robarts Research Library, Thomas Fisher Rare Book Library and Faculty of Library Science is 1 036 000 gross sq. ft.

All the bookstacks cost \$ 650 000; book conveying equipment costs \$625 000; all furniture, administration and fees cost \$ 6 462 000; net building construction



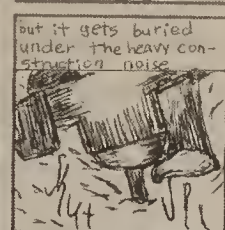
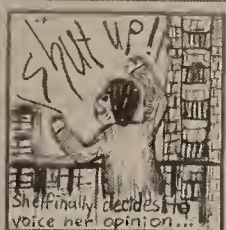
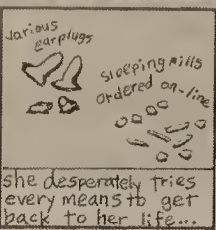
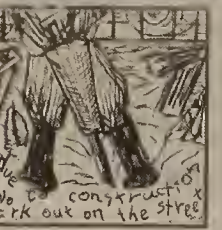
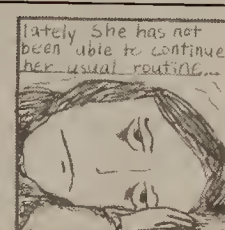
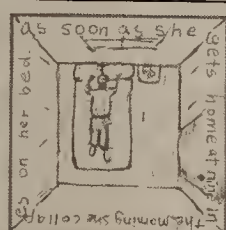
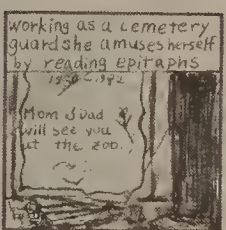
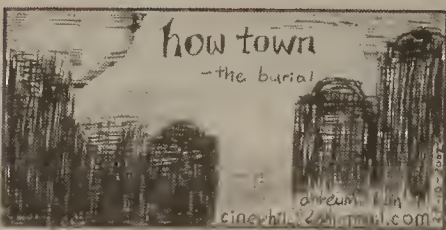
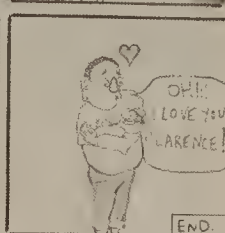
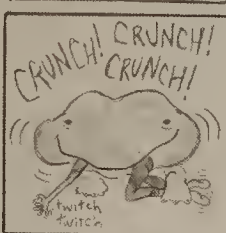
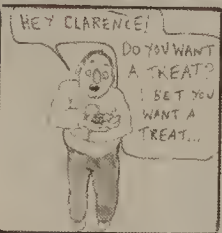
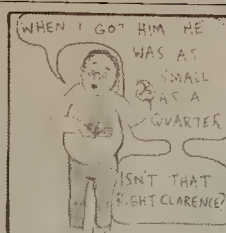
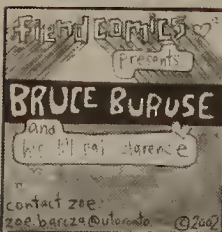
cost \$ 33 963 000, which altogether brings the birth of Robarts to \$ 41 700 000.

Construction time was 4 years and 9 months, with 1 year and 3 months lost because of labour strikes. The design was accepted in 1966 and excavation began in 1968. The Faculty of Library Science opened in June 1971, Thomas Fisher in December 1972, and finally the all awaited Robarts in July 1973.

### ANGRY BIRD OR ARCHITECTURE IDEAL? YOU DECIDE

Yes, Robarts is odd looking. Yes, sometimes it eyes you like a monstrous and oddly angry bird, even if you are just minding your own business trying to cross the street. But now that you know its story, perhaps you can appreciate what that bird had to go through so that you can breathe recycled air and be exposed to as little light as humanly possible.





## Events Calendar

### Memory and Concentration

4-5 pm, Innis College, room 223  
wed Nov 6

### Law Information Session

1-2 pm, Innis Residence, 111 St. George Street,  
Event Room  
thurs Nov 7

### Woodsworth Fall Lecture:

The Good, The Bad & The Profiled: Race, Deviant Behaviour & Police Stop-and-Search Practices  
Speaker: Professor Scot Wortley, University of Toronto Centre of Criminology

4:30 p.m., Bissell Building room 205.

Admission is free. All are welcome. A wine-and-cheese reception follows lecture.

This lecture is part of a series of events, sponsored by the St. George Colleges, called "Educating for the Elimination of Racial Discrimination". Information: 416.978.5301

thurs 7 Nov

### Medical Radiation Sciences

Information session on the joint U of T/Michener program.

1-2 pm, University College, 15 King's College Circle, room 179  
thurs Nov 7

### Careers in Communications, Innis Mentoring Discussion Group

Dennis Duffy, Professor Emeritus, U of T, speaks about a career in writing, teaching and journalism.

1-2:30 pm, Innis College, room 313  
tues Nov 12

### Writing Multiple Choice Exams

4-5 pm, Innis College, room 223  
wed Nov 13

### Careers in Life Sciences,

#### Innis Mentoring Discussion Group

Dr. Earl Silverman and Bernice Hines talk about careers in physiology, medicine and balancing professional and personal life.

1-2:30 pm, Innis College, room 313  
tues Nov 19

### Physiotherapy/Occupational Therapy Information Session

12-2 pm, University College, 15 King's College Circle, room 179  
wed Nov 20

### Writing Essay Exams

4-5 pm, Innis College, room 223  
wed Nov 20

### Social Work Information Session

12-1 pm, University College, 15 King's College Circle, room 179  
thurs Nov 28

### Forum: The Right to Offend.

A provocative discussion on freedom of speech in the university environment.

4pm, The J.J.R. McLeod Auditorium  
Medical Sciences Building  
wed Nov 27

### Night Noises by Fred Euringer

Presented by The Graduate Center for Study of Drama  
8pm, Studio Theatre, 4 Glen Morris Street  
wed Nov 20 - sat Nov 23

### Conference to Examine "Shakespeare Portrait"

A two day conference exploring a portrait believed by some to be of William Shakespeare.

George Ignatieff Theatre  
fri Nov 15 - sat Nov 16

"How could you be a Great Man if history brought you no Great Events, or brought you to them at the wrong time, too young, too old?"

Lois McMaster Bujold, "Memory", 1996

Want your event here?  
e-mail innisherald@yahoo.com

